NEW MASSES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1936 FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

The Waterfront Marches Inland

By Bruce Minton

Three Spanish Catholics

By James Hawthorne

Landon Comes Out for Rain

By W. C. Kelly

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

THE recent not unfriendly remarks of Michael Williams, editor of the Catholic *Commonweal,* on the heroism of the Communists in Spain, are among those things which make it increasingly difficult to raise the Red scare successfully. A little story which Walt Carmon, former editor of the NEW MASSES, tells, is along the same line. A subscriber to this Red journal, who is a steward on a ship calling at Oriental ports, met a Buddhist priest in India who had on his table a copy of the NEW

MASSES. "How come?" asked the steward, or words to that effect. "Why not?" countered the Buddhist priest, and went on to say that he read the magazine regularly, enjoying especially the contributions of Writer Mike Gold and Artist Bill Gropper. "Do you subscribe?" asked the steward. "No," replied the priest. "It comes to me from a friend in Honolulu. We've been trying to convert each other. I'm afraid my friend is making more progress."

The Red-scare raisers, of course, have had their field day in connection with the Spanish situation, and especially vicious have been some of the newsreel commentators. The Voice on one current release (Professor Graham McNamee, we believe, whose inability to distinguish between an end run and the Kentucky Derby has resulted in his becoming, instead of a sports commentator, an authority on politics) goes so far as to refer to the government supporters as "so-called loyalists." We have been too lenient with these fellows. Let's give more hisses and voice more protests to the producing companies and theater managers.

Who's Who

JO SINCLAIR, a Clevelander whose story "Noon Lynching" appears in this issue, writes: "This is my first published story: I am pretty excited. . . . I am 23; a W.P.A. worker . . . attempting to write one-act plays for *New Theatre* and our People's Theater here . . . also write pretty rotten proletarian verse . . . wish I could write like Dos Passos or Faulkner or Kay Boyle."

W. C. Kelly, who engages the watchdog of the Liberty League training

camp in an illuminating conversation in this number, is a new contributor about whom we don't know very much but from whom we hope to hear more in the future. . . .

Eda Rogers did the translation of the article "Merry England" by Ilya Ehrenbourg.

James Hawthorne is in Spain as special correspondent for the NEW MASSES, and will keep us covered on important political developments. . . .

Gilbert Seldes is the author of *Sawdust Caesar, The Freedom of the Press, You Can't Print That!* . . . Henry [illegible] novelist and critic, is the author of *Great One,* a novel based on the life of Boies Penrose, Pennsylvania political boss. . . . Samuel Putnam is the author of several books, among them the biography *Marguerite of Navarre.* His translations include works of Rabelais and the notable French revolutionary novel *The Bitter Victory,* by Louis Guilloux, which McBride will publish soon. Mr. Putnam is now working on a life of Andrea del Sarto. . . . A. Roger Paxton will be remembered for his article on the drought situation, "The Neros of the New Deal," in the NEW MASSES of July 21.

Artist William Gropper, whose drawing in our issue of August 18 drew the admiration of John L. Lewis (as noted in our Readers' Forum last week) says he has sent the autographed original to Brother Lewis and will be proud to have it on the C.I.O. chief's wall.

Victor James, sculptor of the "folded-arms" striker, a photograph of which we print, has given the original to the Communist Party in Indianapolis.

Louis Lozowick (who did our cover) and H. Glintenkamp are among the best-known revolutionary artists.

Rockwell Kent has been bombarded with bouquets for his last week's cover

and for the new format he worked out with Crockett Johnson.

What's What

SCIENCE AND SOCIETY: A Marxian Quarterly announces the addition to its staff, as Foreign Editors, of Prof. H. Levy of the Imperial College of Science, London, Prof. J. D. Bernal of Cambridge University, Prof. H. J. Muller of the Institute of Genetics, Leningrad. The first issue of this new quarterly will appear for October first publication, and will contain, among other features, articles on philosophy, mathematics, and linguistics by Professors D. J. Struik of M.I.T.; V. J. McGill of Hunter; and Margaret Schlauch of N.Y.U. It will contain reviews by Prof. Broadus Mitchell of Johns Hopkins, Prof. E. Berry Burgum of N.Y.U., Dr. Ernest Nagel of Columbia, and Kenneth Burke.

The NEW MASSES is reorganizing its lecture bureau. The bureau will have on its list well-known artists and political commentators. Organizations or individuals can get further information by writing to the NEW MASSES Lecture Bureau, 31 East 27th Street.

A number of readers have old issues of the NEW MASSES and other literature which they would like to give to organizations and persons in need of it. One New Yorker who asks that his name be withheld says he has fifty back copies of this magazine and a number of pamphlets and periodicals dealing with the labor movement. These can be obtained by calling AMbassador 2-2185. Another with a similar offer including the *Daily Worker* asks that requests for it be sent care of the NEW MASSES. Abner Sheffer, 871 East 170th Street, the Bronx, has an almost complete set of the NEW MASSES from October 1, 1935 to May 19, 1936. Write direct to him. The NEW MASSES, on the other hand, needs all available copies of our July 2, 1935, and October 29, 1935 issues.

September 17 is the day on which, five years ago, some Japanese troops stationed at Mukden, heard a bomb ex-

plode. Within ten minutes these troops were in motion and within the next twenty-four hours Japanese troops occupied every strategic point in Manchuria. The stage was set for the creation of Manchukuo.

To attract public attention to these events, which may yet involve our nation in war in the Pacific area, The Friends of the Chinese People are placing Japanese Emperor Hirohito on trial at the New School for Social Research, Thursday evening, Sept. 17. General Fang Chen-Wu, Roger Baldwin, and Joseph Freeman will speak and the audience will act as jury.

Subscribers who change addresses are urged to write directly to our circulation department about it, and not leave it merely to the post office, as that has proved unsatisfactory. Two weeks' notice is required to effect a change of address. In case of non-delivery, file a complaint with the post office about it, and send us a copy of the complaint.

Flashbacks

SEVENTEEN years ago (Sept. 22, 1919) 365,000 American steel workers led by William Z. Foster struck for shorter hours, organization. Forty years ago the United Labor Party of New York City nominated Henry George, single-taxer, for mayor. Seventy-four years ago Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation, freeing Negro slaves on Jan. 1, 1863. One hundred and forty-four years ago (Sept. 21, 1792) the revolutionary French National Assembly abolished royalty.

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NEW MASSES
SEPTEMBER 22, 1936

Three Spanish Catholics

In exclusive interviews with our Madrid correspondent, three devout religionists—priest, jurist, writer—explain why they and many other Catholics are supporting the People's Front

By James Hawthorne

IN THE former Palace of the Marquis de Duero, the League of Anti-Fascist Intellectuals for the Defense of Culture has its magnificent headquarters. José Bergamín, president, Rafael Alberti, María Teresa Léon, and the literary army of the revolution are busy integrating the advance of culture with the progress of the People's Militia. The first number of their new weekly, *Mono Azul,* is about to appear. Reluctantly, therefore, I ask Bergamín for a half hour.

"You are an active Catholic and nevertheless an anti-fascist?"

"Not 'nevertheless' but *'because.'* It was precisely because, as a Catholic, I became increasingly uneasy regarding the position of the official Catholic world, that some three years ago I became identified with a group interested in rescuing Spanish culture. The church had separated itself from the people. We set about reconquering the real Christian values of Spanish life, rooted in the people so deeply that our richest cultural production has always been anonymous. All that is permanent in Spanish literature comes from the people. The church, on the other hand, separated itself not alone from the people, but from culture as well.

"Separated from the people, the church had placed itself at the side of the aristocracy, the new-rich, the landowners, the army. It was this false departure, from a cultural standpoint, that compelled me, personally, to take a different road in active defense of the Christian values of Spanish culture. I began to experience a growing repugnance, indignation, at the interlacing of the Catholic hierarchy with the privileged classes and with their politics. The church had taken a position that was anti-popular and anti-Christian.

"This attitude became more marked. The church identified itself with the bloody repression and cruel terror of 1934, directed against

H. Glintenkamp

the workers and liberals. When the bishops and priests openly supported fascism, a Christian could not help but oppose them and denounce the three great spiritual falsehoods supporting fascism and destroying culture in Spain: the official church; the corrupt aristocracy and bourgeoisie; the army."

"So that it has been necessary to fight the church itself in fighting fascism?"

"The church in its real role as Christian, Catholic, is not under attack anywhere. But the church as belligerent is. In our history the 'cura trabucaire'* is an unhappy tradition incompatible with the development of our cul-

* Armed priests of the Carlist Wars.

ture. Many of the clergy playing an a fascist part today are, it is true, simple v priests misled by their superiors just many common soldiers have been deceiv their officers. Yet we cannot help but the church fascist, the church belligerent cause fascism is the negation of all th Christian. It denies all the human values Christianity has fought for through the turies—all that we associate with liberty with human dignity. We are true to church when we drive the heresy of fas from the church."

"It is generally believed that the chur now the object of persecution. Doesn't t offend the conscience of many Christia here?"

"There is no persecution of the churc Churches and convents have been closed, i general, as a military measure. Priests suc ceeded in convincing the women of the con vents that the fascist cause was holy, and they permitted the fascists to occupy their buildings as bases of attack. From the moment the nuns ceased to accept, in a Christian spirit, the evils they were led to believe the popular regime would bring upon them, church buildings became forts and arsenals. It is a harsh truth, but none the less a truth, that for months before the fascist movement, gatherings in churches were not for prayer but fo incitement to rebellion."

"Another viewpoint is formulated by certa Catholic groups in America. They treat t fascist rising as a holy crusade to avert co munism, which they describe as incompati with Catholicism."

"There is no incompatibility; a Catholic be a revolutionary and a Communist. We one in desiring to improve life for the hun in abhorring the parasite, in desiring to rich the spiritual life of the common pe But there is no question of communism fac

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us today in Spain. There is a Communist Party and a Socialist Party, there are Anarchists and Syndicalists, all fighting side by side with authentic Republicans in defense of the Republic. Here in Spain we have a real People's Front, and true Catholics fit admirably in it. How can we speak of the 'danger' of communism when the Communists are with us defending Spain against criminal fascism?"

"And the future——?"

"I have a tremendous faith in the outcome. Beyond the victory over fascism, of which I am certain, the people will redeem the cultural and spiritual values of Spain, blighted by the regime of the three spiritual falsehoods. The real victory of the People's Front will be the reformation of Spanish life, the blending of all the great currents of Spanish culture into one great popular culture."

DON ANGEL OSSORIO Y GALLARDO is perhaps the leading jurist of Iberia. In 1922 he founded a short-lived Christian Socialist Party which embraced elements such as the late *Debate's* editor, Angel Herrera, and the clerfascist chief, José María Gil Robles. He ght Alfonso ought to go, but did not be- a republican, and when the April Repubrived he described himself as "a monarchthout a king." His first draft of a con- on for the Republic was discarded by the tituent Cortes as too conservative. He s today as a Catholic and a conservative. A Christian cannot be a fascist because stianity, with respect to human personality, e liberation of the spirit, while fascism ie negation of liberty, establishment of ession, rule of force—and not in the in- t of the many but to safeguard the privi- . A Christian cannot serve a doctrine in e name the predominance of one race is posed, and Jews, Masons, Communists, libals, are exterminated; for the essence of the ctrine of Christ and the significance of his volution against the ancient world are presely the obligation to 'love thy enemy as thy rother,' and even if liberals, Communists, Masons, and Jews were the most abominable people on earth, no Christian would have the right to exterminate them; for it is written that 'God does not desire that the sinner die, but that he be converted and live.'

"A Christian ought not to suffer the name of God to be used to attack a legitimately constituted state, for if he does so he forgets the command, 'Render unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's.' A Catholic owes respect and obelience to the church, but to the church as the mmortal depository of the highest, purest, most nerous doctrine that the centuries have ard—not to be confused with that ecclestic degeneration of jewel-laden bishops who ag God into political conflicts and expound Holy Sacrament to defeat the Left in elecns, thereby lowering God to the level of a nbatant, subjecting him to the law of vanquished and blaspheming his divinity. ther must the Church be confused with the gious orders that hoard millions, whether the personal use of members or not; nor with clerical or secular persons who fire from the towers of temples, thereby negating their sacred character and explaining later destruction; nor with clerics who enter the field armed with rifles or machine guns in contempt of their ministry which charges them to pray for the peace of all and forbids them to fire on anyone.

"A conservative must defend private property, treating it as the complement of personality; but he must also know that in the economy of the future, whose advent is pressing upon us, private property will harmoniously coexist with other forms of property, and that it is to be desired that the monopolistic property of imperialist days, the principal cause of war and of the misfortunes of the people, disappear. Instead of becoming annoyed with the collectivist parties, he ought to recall that Pius XI himself stated that certain categories of wealth must be reserved in the state, since they carry with themselves an economic power so great that they cannot be held by individuals without damage to the state.

"Here, then, in necessarily compact form, are some of the reasons that a man like me, without altering an iota his faith in the doctrines that I have been propagating for a quarter of a century, should place his sympathies behind the government and the People's Front. For the Republic? Of course. Viva la Republica! For Spain? Naturally. Viva España! Ah! But, in addition, for other concepts that tower above Spain and the Republic: for immortal spiritual values, for Christian civilization, for political and economic emancipation of the workers, for self-determination of peoples, and for the liberty of man."

JUAN GARCÍA MORALES is a Republican of the old stamp, a priest whose recent use of the microphone shames Father Coughlin. García Morales strikes straight from the shoulder and has been persecuted for his austere ideas of clerical honor.

"I have not been excommunicated nor unfrocked, nor have I abandoned my religion. I have entered into Communist, Socialist, and Syndicalist circles and everywhere met with respect for a priest who has preached the Gospel, who has stood and will stand unto death at the side of the humble because he believes that our mission is to defend the people from their oppressors.

H. Glintenkamp

"It is sad that at this moment a simple priest must be the one to appeal to Catholics when there are so many bishops, who, though they have always condemned war, have placed themselves on the side of the powerful."

He recalled the vision of Donoso Cortés, who saw two towers of Babylon: one was the Roman civilization that foundered at the word of the first Christians; the other was bourgeois civilization which had Christ on its lips but not in its heart, and would likewise founder at the sound of the trumpet of the Communists, Socialists, and Syndicalists.

"And that great prophecy has proven true. God placed the power in our hands: leadership and education, and with these means at our command why did the people desert the church? Don't blame it on Russian propaganda or on the teachings of the [Masonic] lodges. Nobody had better means of propaganda than we had. If the people fled the church it was because they saw the church's union with the caciques [political-economic bosses of the countryside who maintain the domination of the landlords]. Why were there two chapels in the religious schools, one for the poor children and the other for the rich?

"We cannot do less than protest when millions of pesetas are discovered in the palaces of the bishops, while the poor perish of hunger, beg alms, or go to gather the leavings of the meals in the barracks. A cross of two sticks, a threadbare cassock, and a tin ring would have sufficed to permit a bishop to fulfill his function. The hatred of the people is not directed at God nor at the church; it is turned toward their 'ministers' because they have not placed themselves in the vanguard of the people's armies. I therefore fervently applaud the Catholic Basque nationalists who have ranged themselves on the side of the legitimate government. And therefore my hatred goes out to hierarchic superiors who have taken the side of those who bring the Moors, whom it cost us eight centuries to expel, back to our soil. These people would be willing to place the country beneath the [Moslem] crescent, provided they be allowed to go on running our affairs."

The priest addressed his Bishops directly: "You are sending through Europe the rumor that Communist and Socialist mobs have seized our land and that Spain is a country in ruins. That is a lie: you spit at Heaven and the spit falls in your face."

The Gospel gives the clergy the duty of defending the humble against the powerful. That makes clear the position of an honest cleric in Spain, García Morales argues: "Long live the Republic! Long live liberty and democracy! Long live the proletariat!"

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The Waterfront Marches Inland

Harry Bridges, the longshoremen's leader, outlines the situation on the West Coast, where the bosses are ganging up to smash, if they can, those bulwarks of progressivism, the maritime unions

By Bruce Minton

"WHAT is a strike, Daddy?" the son of a prominent San Franciscan asked in my presence. The industrialist frowned, rubbing his chin. "A strike," he explained judiciously, "is when workers want to take a plant away from its owner, when the men I pay out of my own pocket want to rob me of everything I have."

They see themselves, these big business men, evicted from their homes, starving, lined up before firing squads while hordes of "Reds" carouse in the streets. And so they organize their vigilantes, arm the police, press for laws to make strikes and picketing and free speech illegal. The Red scare, designed to terrify the masses, fails; but it keeps the men who raise it in a constant panic.

There remains no middle ground in San Francisco, no "liberal" position. Unless one wholeheartedly supports the owners who nervously watch the waterfront, warehouses, factories, and shops for new signs of labor strength, one automatically qualifies for Hearst's label "Red." The employers have been howling steadily for the past two years, ever since the general strike in 1934—often before they are hurt, like a man in a dentist's chair who doesn't wait for the drill to strike a nerve. Visions of doom have the big owners jittery: "Every member of the Chamber [of Commerce] and every employer in San Francisco will recognize the present emergency as one which must decide the future of this community." But the rest of the city has grown deaf to these old wives' tales.

The Pacific Coast maritime strike gave organized labor up and down the West Coast an impetus which terrifies the Industrial Association and the Chamber of Commerce. During the strike—and since—they experimented with every device to break working-class unity: police and National Guard, killings and vigilante terror, the Red scare and the railroading of workers to jail. The maritime unions, emerging from the strike under suspicion, now influence every rank-and-file movement in the Bay region. Old-line labor leaders, who have exhausted their ingenuity in trying to knife the waterfront leadership, find themselves hard pressed by the upsurge of militancy in their own unions, and reluctantly tag along with their membership in order not to lose their jobs. They can't forget Scharrenberg's fate. After twenty years of comfortable reactionary "leadership" with a pleasant sinecure as secretary of the state federation of labor, Scharrenberg was expelled from the Sailor's Union of the Pacific. He became the dreadful example: the faker's nightmare.

Strom

MENTION of Harry Bridges's name is a good way to get a line on another San Franciscan. If the man scowls and gets angry, he's either a big employer, a labor faker, or one of those Republican theorists who feel that "what this country needs is a Hitler or a Mussolini." Harry Bridges, symbol of the democratic rank and file, has the respect and admiration of West Coast labor. Not because he's a spellbinder—he is not a polished or particularly adept speaker; not because of his appearance—he's thin, rather slight, with a narrow head and hair brushed in a pompadour and a nose too long for his face. But Harry Bridges, who was born thirty-six years ago in Melbourne, Australia, who at twenty sailed to this country, and has worked steadily on the San Francisco 'front for the past nine years, has an integrity that commands confidence. Throughout the strike, throughout the grueling period that followed, Bridges never reneged on a promise—to an employer or to a worker. He has never considered his election to leadership of the longshoremen as a personal tribute. "I speak for the men," he says. "I act and talk as they want me to." Ahead is a definite goal toward which all Bridges's actions point: The building of a united labor movement, with the improvements in working conditions and wages that such unity can bring.

I met Harry Bridges in the Ferry Building. He sketched for me the position of his union and the outlook for West Coast labor. "You know," he began, "not a single member of the I.L.A.* is on relief rolls. We've stopped unemployment in our union. At present, the task is to hold and consolidate the gains that resulted from the ineffective lockout which the employers pulled last April. They attempted then to smash the longshoremen as the first step against the entire labor movement. They failed miserably.

"In the period since the maritime strike, the waterfront unions have been recognized as a vital part of the labor setup. We've broken the united front of the employers and the labor fakers—who are now forced to cooperate to some extent with the rank and file."

"Is peace on the waterfront likely to last?"

"No!" he said vehemently. "Of course not! We know the waterfront employers won't live up to the agreement signed at the end of the strike. They never have. The struggle continues. Some companies have no trouble, but others are not so anxious to see things run smoothly and want to disrupt the unions. That prevents a lasting peace. They chisel on the award, they fill the waterfront with stool-pigeons. We will live up to the letter of the award. But the employers have been going out of their way to force us to handle scab goods, attempting to make the most of the hot-cargo issue. They don't care so much about it from the dollar-and-cent angle, but they try to force us, through our agreement, to handle scab goods in the hope of disrupting our union.

"The award," he continued, "is amendable. We can suggest certain amendments, but to do this we must notify the employers forty days in advance of the expiration date, September 30. We will, of course, vote before acting, to get the sentiment of the men. But we do serve notice, the employers have the same right to ask for changes."

"How does your election to the district presidency of the I.L.A. affect the situation?" I asked.

"It will no doubt bring an attack." He paused, narrowing his eyes. "The employers are dead set against it. I don't yet know what form such an attack will take. We will meet it—the job for me is to keep as close contact as possible with the rank-and-file membership, not to let my new position isolate me from the men."

"What does the resolution supporting the C.I.O. passed by the last I.L.A. district convention mean?" I asked him.

Bridges leaned forward. "Of course we favor industrial unionism within the A.F. of L. We are strongly opposed to splitting the labor movement. But as yet the possibilities of industrial unionism on the West Coast are hard to predict. The first job is

* The International Longshoremen's Association.

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s to organize the unorganized on an industrial basis within the A.F. of L. The real drive, of course, must start in the mass industries—in steel, auto, rubber. On the waterfront here, our organization is not dissimilar to the industrial union setup. Which raises the problem of agricultural labor. We're very concerned with the necessity of organizing in the agricultural fields. There's a federal bill now that prevents strikebreakers from being brought in from other states. The sources of scabs in California are the universities and the itinerant agricultural workers. It is difficult to recruit scabs among workers who are unionized. The I.L.A., if only from a selfish standpoint, is concerned with the drive to bring organization to those who work in the fields."

"What about independent political action? That's important too, isn't it?"

"Very. We favor independent political action for labor."

"And the Red scare?"

He shrugged, grinning. "That doesn't affect us on the waterfront. You've probably seen the *American Citizen,* a filthy little sheet which is used as a smokescreen for the activities of the Industrial Association. But it doesn't seem to have a great deal of power, except to scare those who back it. The middle classes gave us a lot of support during the lockout, spontaneous support. People are beginning to admit—it's hard for them to swallow, of course, but they're beginning to see it—that down here on the front we have some idea what we're doing. That's a lot to have gained in two years. It's a lot, but there's a hell of a lot more still to do."

THE SHIPOWNERS did not wait until the waterfront unions agreed to continue the award for another year or until they requested changes. The waterfront employers served notice demanding alteration of the award, with the further proposal that if any disagreement occurred, the I.L.A. must promise to arbitrate. In other words, they suggested blind arbitration—so that they could refuse to abide by any section of the award they disliked and perhaps gain concessions here and there from an arbitration board. The I.L.A. refused to commit itself, arguing that if negotiations were to take place, every attempt should be made to arrive at an amicable agreement. Moreover, the longshoremen objected to the fact that way shipowner changes would eliminate union control of hiring halls by substituting "neutral persons" to operate them; and the I.L.A. also shied away from a work day composed of two six-hour shifts and the provision that a man could be worked eight hours if necessary, thus abolishing pay for overtime and the present six-hour day. Furthermore, the employers demanded that longshoremen handle no cargo pending an arbitrator's decision whenever the question arose, and that payments for transportation and travel time to and from work be canceled.

The longshoremen countered with their own demands for redress of grievances. They asked, among other things, for an increase in pay; an amendment which would not obligate them to pass through picket lines; preferential employment for members of the Pacific district of the I.L.A. They also pointed out that shipowner alterations would force men to work eight hours any time between eight in the morning until ten at night, instead of six hours between eight and three in the afternoon. This would completely emasculate the decision handed down by the National Longshoremen's Board.

Negotiations now [Sept. 14] are stalemated. Shipowners have also called for revisions of contracts entered into with the Sailor's Union of the Pacific, the Marine Engineers, and other maritime unions, all of whose contracts expire simultaneously with that of the longshoremen. Employers, realizing that they will probably hit a snag with at least one union, have evidently decided that it is better to make a clean sweep of it by locking out all maritime unions and breaking them at the same time. For though the shipowners have made huge profits under the awards, they want more. The quickest way, they figure, is to institute a lockout or force a strike, smash the maritime bloc, and then pick off the other unions. They blame the spread of unionization in the Bay region on the waterfront groups and Harry Bridges ("alien leader," the Chamber of Commerce agonizes, "whose record of violence, destruction, and class hatred is all too fresh in the memories of our people"). The present strategy is to break through the barrier standing between the industrialists and their untrammeled exploitation of workers, the barrier that prevents saddling the masses with what Landon poetically calls "the American way of life."

"And then the strike-committee chairman said to me, 'If you don't like it over here. . . .'"

THE LATEST sin committed by the I.L.A. in the eyes of big business is "the march inland," the name given to the campaign to unionize warehouse workers, placed under the jurisdiction of the I.L.A. in 1917. Naturally, geographical limitations do not apply to union jurisdiction—though the Industrial Association considers warehouses situated some blocks from the waterfront beyond the pale of I.L.A. influence. Nevertheless, the I.L.A. has gone ahead. A year ago the Warehousemen's Union had 800 members; today it has grown to over 2000. The first test came in the hardware industry: despite determined opposition, the warehousemen gained most of their demands including a forty-hour week, eight-hour day, time and a half for overtime, one-week vacation with pay, and a wage increase of $38 a month.

If hardware warehouses can be organized, so can those in grocery, drug, rice, cannery, and cold storage. The Industrial Association a few months ago wrote to all San Francisco employers:

> The "march inland," as it is termed by the Maritime unions, is a part of a well-laid plan of Harry Bridges and his fellow radicals to extend control over the movement of all merchandise in San Francisco, as well as on the waterfront.
>
> Obviously, this is not a sincere effort on the part of the Warehousemen's Union to improve conditions of the workers in these establishments but is definitely a bold attempt to seize control of San Francisco's vast trade. . . . San Francisco is threatened with a partial or total destruction of a business on

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which thousands of our citizens and their families depend for a living. . . .

There remained one escape for the employers—to get hold of Edward Vandeleur, reactionary secretary of the state federation of labor, to see what he could engineer. Vandeleur hit upon the jurisdictional question, an old favorite with a certain type of A.F. of L. official. Since warehousemen included receiving and shipping clerks, selectors, weighers, and other classifications, Vandeleur decided that most of the warehousemen belonged in the Retail Clerks' Union. If the Warehousemen's Union were delimited to freight handlers and packers, as Vandeleur suggested, 30 percent of the workers would remain in it and the remainder would enter the Retail Clerks. This would conveniently split the workers into craft divisions. But the Retail Clerks' officialdom was terrified of the militancy of the new recruits. The I.L.A. left the dispute up to the A.F. of L. The probable outcome is the setting up of a federal non-autonomous union for warehousemen.

THE EFFECT of the I.L.A. on other industries has become increasingly important in the last year. Bakery-wagon drivers have demanded that all members throughout the state form a central council with employer-worker agreements expiring at the same time—similar to the precedent set by the waterfront. The Office Employees Union has revived as a result of activities among office employees within the maritime unions. The retail clerks have expanded into department and chain stores. Ferryboatmen, out of jobs once the San Francisco Bay Bridge is completed, negotiated and won agreements with the Southern Pacific and other ferry lines by which workers are guaranteed employment at the same rate of pay as they have been receiving hitherto, or the difference is to be made up by the company, or in the event of not being able to find work, the company pledges itself to pay one month's salary for every year the worker served in its employ. Service on Southern Pacific boats averaged eighteen years. This agreement, affecting 1200 men, is the first in America to protect workers thrown out of jobs because of technological change.

In agriculture, the example of industrial organization has spurred field and shed workers to demand recognition of their unions and to widen their membership. Through pressure from the rank and file in industry, the state federation of labor has been forced to endorse the drive in principle. So far, progress has been slow, impeded by the reluctance and fear of such officials as Vandeleur to see the unskilled and the unorganized brought into the labor movement.

Moreover, the continual shift of agricultural workers from one section to another as crops change, the influx from the Dust Bowl of thousands of small farmers without organizational experience, the mistaken notion among certain categories of agricultural workers that they are "aristocrats" while their brothers are "inferior," retard unionization. Yet low wages and intolerable living and working conditions have begun to overcome these obstacles and to unite field laborers with the semi-skilled and skilled.

The unemployed, too, have come to realize that they have a struggle ahead if they are to preserve any economic rights. At a convention held in the spring of 1935, the unemployed outlined an aggressive campaign. Since the convention, seven county-wide groups, 110 local unions—altogether about 13,000 dues-paying members—have been organized. Their protests defeated an attempt to throw men off relief and drive them into the hop fields where they would be used as cheap labor to undercut the wage scale of agricultural workers.

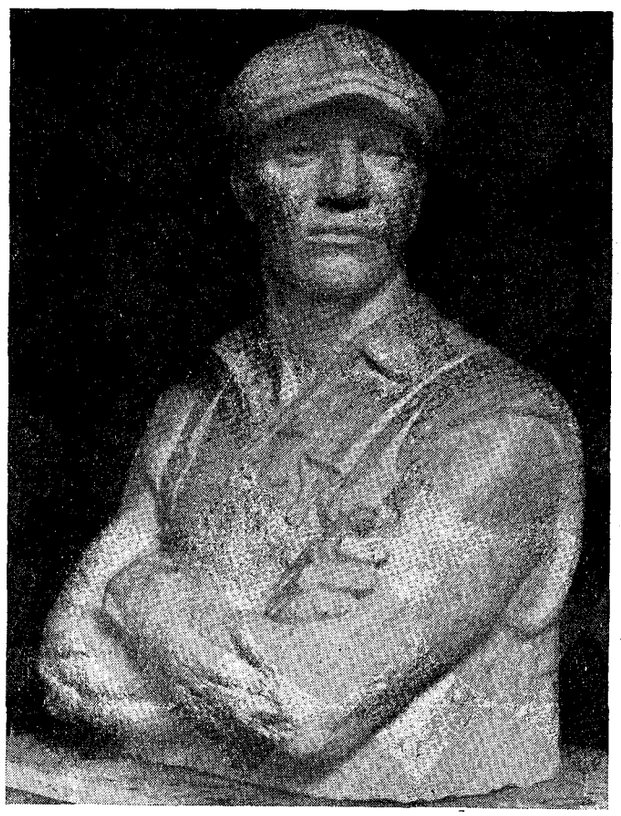
THE EMPLOYER offensive accelerates in direct proportion to working-class resistance. Anything goes—the latest attempt is to discredit rank-and-file leadership by charging Earl King, secretary of the Marine Firemen, with murder. The stool-pigeons, the paid informers, turn up with "evidence" against union leaders, with slander that cannot be proved but which can perhaps be used to turn the King case into another Mooney-Billings frameup. California is flooded with Industrial Association propaganda, ranging from an *Anti-Communist Bulletin* to a so-called *News-Letter,* each dealing almost exclusively with the waterfront. To bolster these calumnies, the Industrial Association backs the libelous *American Citizen,* which is the last word in Red-baiting, and which, not surprisingly, is quite regularly distributed free, tucked inside of Hearst's *Examiner.* The newspapers publish "inside" stories "uncovered" by informers and purporting to reveal plots of an impending general strike. Each "M-Day" comes and goes and the catastrophe fails to occur. Yet the papers grind out the same "secret" information over again, with only the date of the "revolution" changed.

FOR THE MOST PART, West Coast workers remain pure-and-simple trade unionists, fighting for wages, hours, and working conditions. But since the maritime strike, class distinctions have sharpened. The workers retain no illusions that the boss's interests can coincide with those of the majority. The day of cooperation is past, though the necessity to back union struggles with political action is not yet generally understood.

The employers understand, however. The elections approach. A lockout next month can put the Roosevelt administration on the spot. Moreover, the open shoppers fear May and the effect that the continued growth of the n time unions has on other industries. Like pressed gangsters, big business is ready to shoot it out. "We need to stop dodging We need to stop dodging wi[illegible] on to stand up and be counted."

The West Coast is a crucial battlefield in the fight to spread the influence of organized labor as a defense against reaction. San Francisco is the center, the key of the struggle. As we go to press, Joseph P. Ryan, national president of the I.L.A., has called a conference of all districts, and has notified East Coast employers of demands for higher wages. A lockout (which will be called "strike" by the shipowners) on the West Coast can develop into a national strike. One thing certain: if the longshoremen or seamen in the Pacific ports are locked out, all waterfront unions already united in the Maritime Federation will stand solidly together and will gain the support of the teamsters.

More than economic demands are in the balance. The outcome of the conflict will prove an important factor in the battle now being waged throughout America to determine whether progress or reaction shall prevail. On the West Coast, "the peace, freedom, and security of the people are at stake."



Folded-Arms Striker

Victor James

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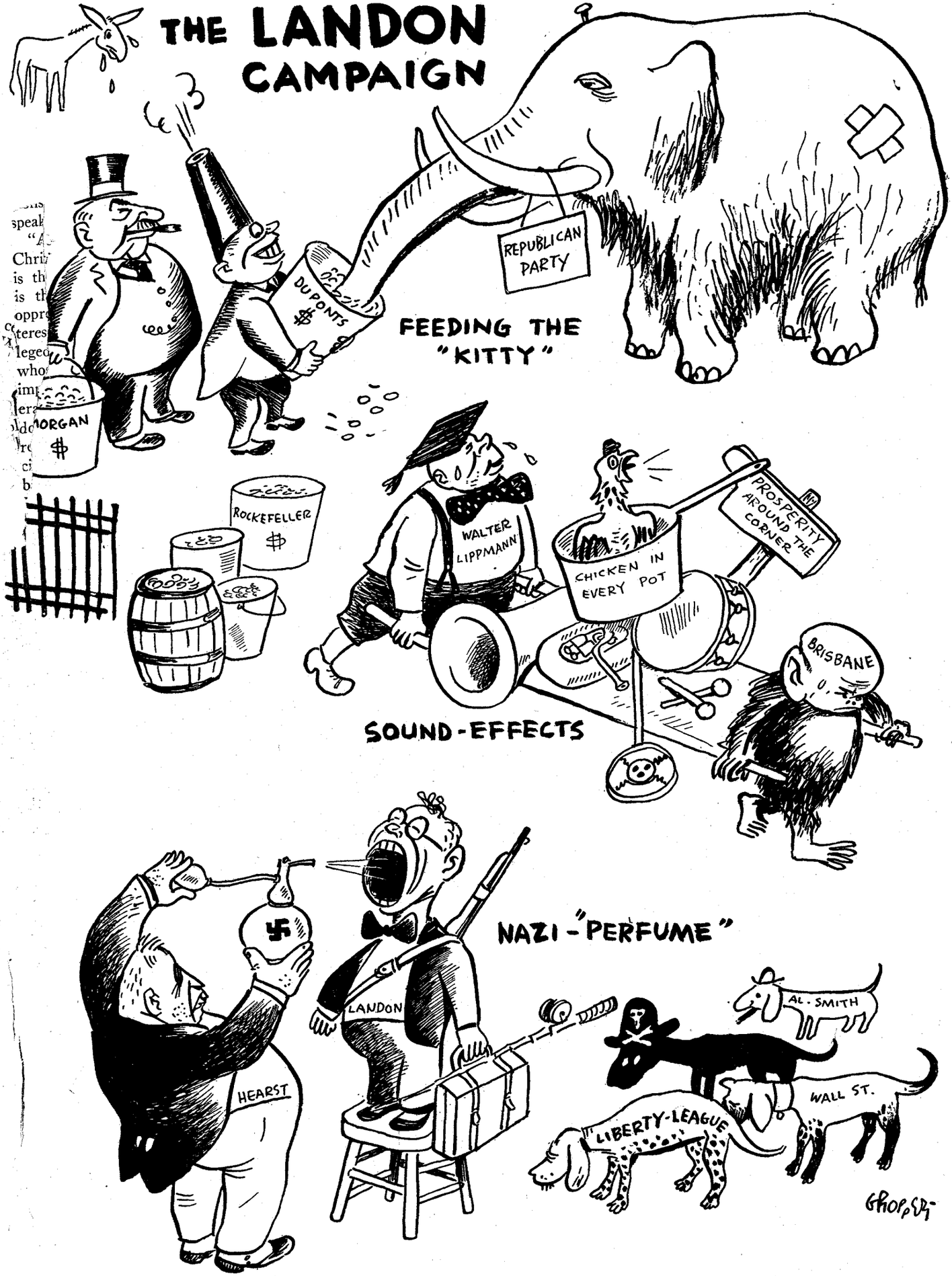

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Coming the News

Covering the events of the week ending September 13

CLOUDS of vapor rising from scores of political rostrums on Labor Day grew thicker as the week progressed. Though not yet launched on his campaign for reëlection, Roosevelt was one of the chief contributors to the week's flow of words. At Charlotte, N. C., the President announced the end of the depression, declaring that the federal government had pulled the country "from the red into the black," that the New Deal had guided the United States into the "green pastures" of security.

Only the day before the Charlotte speech Roosevelt's Farm Credit Administration released figures showing that the federal government owns some 31,000 farms, foreclosed through inability to pay on Federal Land Bank loans, an increase of 2741 over the preceding six months. Concerning the "green pastures" speech, the *Daily Worker* pointed out that in the very state in which Roosevelt spoke, 12,000 sharecroppers, nearly 10 percent of the entire sharecropping population of the state, had been forced into the ranks of day laborers by the New Deal's A.A.A.

To the delegates of fifty-four countries assembled in Washington for the World Power Conference, Roosevelt singled out the proper development of electric power as the road to abundance. Although he hinted at developing further federal "yardsticks" if the utility interests failed to lower electric rates, his speech was hailed as a major concession to the power trust. "Some may have feared that he would again throw down a gage of battle to our big utility companies," joyously editorialized the New York *Times*. "On the contrary, he merely complimented them for their great achievements."

Substantiating this view was the action of Roosevelt's Rural Electrification Administrator Cooke in strongly rebuking Maurice P. Davidson and Langdon W. Post, who as representatives of Mayor LaGuardia had lowered the "high technical plane" of the meetings by urging public ownership of electric and gas utilities.

Governor Landon spent most of the week preparing for a last-minute attack on Maine, just before that state's local elections. Apparently others had likewise been preparing. According to figures released—with a fine sense of timing—by the Senate Committee on Campaign Expenditures, the Republican Party in Maine had collected campaign contributions of $5000 from each of the three du Ponts, a total of $13,000 from three Rockefellers, and $5000 each from J. P. Morgan, Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., and Bernarr Macfadden.

The Governor's wind-up speech at Portland marked his first timid venture into the realm of foreign policy. In 1933, said Landon, Roosevelt had a great opportunity to lead the way to world peace in the London economic conference, but he "turned his back." Now Landon sees war clouds over Europe. He doesn't think "civilization can survive another war," but he had no suggestions for averting that calamity.

Primaries held in five states served to shed little light on the campaign results aside from the indication that Roosevelt still has a firm grip on the South. In Georgia, Red-baiting, anti-Negro foe of the Administration Gov. Eugene Talmadge went down to an overwhelming defeat at the hands of New Dealer Richard B. Russell for the latter's seat in the United States Senate.

WHILE earlier in the week, in a Labor Day address, Landon had lamented the breach in the ranks of labor—brought about by the insistence of his own campaign labor adviser, William L. Hutcheson—and while he insisted on his utter neutrality, his manager, John Hamilton, tied the party up with the reactionary elements of the A.F. of L. by openly denouncing John L. Lewis and branding the C.I.O. leadership "selfish" and "shortsighted."

Apparently feeding on reactionary opposition, the C.I.O. continues to gain ground. Its victory of the week was the strike settlement wrested from the Kelly-Springfield Tire Co. by the United Rubber Workers, with C.I.O. aid. The settlement called for recognition of collective bargaining, wage increases, and return of all employees without discrimination. Major labor struggles of the week, however, were in New York, where hundreds of dairy farmers threatened to strike for higher milk prices, and on the West Coast, where negotiations between shipowners and marine unions have resulted in a stalemate, all signs pointing to a strike on September 30.

New York City's consumers, standing to bear the brunt of an increased milk price to farmers, have the support of the LaGuardia administration. The Health Department has furnished lists of stores handling milk from independent distributors at 11 cents a quart, as against the 13-cent rate of Borden and Sheffield. Organized consumers urge that farmers receive more for their milk but they are determined to force the milk trust to absorb the difference rather than make a profit on the increase. Governor Lehman, considering the demand for a raise in price, warned against recourse to a strike. Feeling among the farmers is that the Governor is "just delaying things." But Lehman's warning was echoed by Louis J. Taber, master of the tory National Grange, who declared that "The cow has become the foster-mother of the nation."

The Pacific Coast situation (see article on page 5) is being deliberately confused by the indictment for murder drawn up against Earl King, secretary of Marine Firemen. The press, now "trying" the case before it comes to court, presents a collection of "evidence" that bears striking resemblance to that used to convict Tom Mooney twenty years ago. West Coast vigilantes, already organized, will have their work cut out for them in the event of a shipping strike. At present they are engaged in a campaign of terror against dissatisfied agricultural workers. Four thousand lettuce workers walked out in Salinas, south of San Francisco, during the week, in what may prove the most important agricultural tieup since the great cotton strike of 1933.

OF LANDON'S sympathy with the troubles of labor, Earl Browder remarked: "He stands on the platform of the Republican Party, whose labor clause was written by the open-shopper, T. E. Weir of the Iron & Steel Institute and other such 'friends' of the workingman." On the following day George U. Harvey, aspirant for the Republican nomination for governor of New York, and borough president of Queens denied the Communist Party the privilege of meeting in public buildings of the borough. Indignant at this high-handed violation of the rights of a legally recognized party, prominent citizens and organizations rallied to the defense of the Communists. The Party, insisting on emphasizing its legal status, sought an injunction to have Harvey explain his position in the courts. Reporting on the denial of the writ by Supreme Court Justice Bonynge, the New York *Times* pointed out that the judge's action "is said to have set a precedent. Under the law Supreme Court Justices must sign such orders except in rare cases." The exceptions are based on legal technicalities, but Bonynge's refusal was on the ground that "schoolhouses of the community should not be polluted by harboring people of this ilk." Flushed with a victory over Hearst radio station WCAE at Pittsburgh, which under threat of prosecution promised to lift its ban on Browder's broadcasts, the Party is determined to fight the Bonynge decision.

Meanwhile, the Party's presidential candidate, Earl Browder, continued his successful invasion of the South, addressing large gatherings at Chattanooga and Birmingham on the need for unity between white and black workers to beat back the attacks of big mill owners and landlords. At Tampa the Communist candidate met a setback when a padlocked meeting hall door forced the cancellation of his speech. He at once sent a telegram to President Roosevelt charging that he had been "illegally and forcefully prevented from speaking by lawless elements."

THE week was marked by fantastic political charges and strange alliances. Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith, silent for the few weeks, burst out with the revelation President Roosevelt is plotting a coup d'. Should Roosevelt find himself slipping as election approaches, Smith warned, "I

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efinite information that he plans to seize ower forcibly." The man who a few weeks go announced a plan to "recruit 1,000,000 atriotic young men who will see to it that ur ballots are cast in the daytime and counted orrectly at night" charged that Roosevelt lans to arm the C.C.C. boys as storm troops nd throw him and his friend Father Coughlin nto concentration camps.

Equally weird was William Randolph Hearst's fiery denunciation of the New York *Herald Tribune,* major pillar of the Republi- an Party, as an ally of communism simply ecause it mentioned in a literary column the ublication of an anti-Fascist pamphlet by the eague Against War and Fascism. It has not et been learned whether Mark Sullivan's omments on Norman Thomas will be re- arded by San Simeon as further proof of the *Herald Tribune's* redness or as an indication f Thomas's lack of it. Impressed with the ocialist leader's repudiation of the Communist onviction that Landon represents a fascist hreat because he is the weak candidate of all forces making for fascism, Sullivan de- ibed the Socialist candidate as "one who is th following"—for information if not for tical philosophy.

But as far as the Hearst charges are con- d, the *Herald Tribune* can counter with ater Lippmann, who has just announced s endorsement of Hearst's candidate Landon. dded to this loss to the New Deal forces the decision of the Baltimore *Sun,* which fter ninety-nine years of loyalty to the Demo- ratic Party, announces its inability to "advo- ate the reëlection of President Roosevelt."

Balancing these defections, however, Farley as the word of Mrs. Charles S. Whitman, ife of the former Republican governor of New York, that "even in Newport" she found number of people whispering behind closed ors that they were in favor of Roosevelt." d perhaps more substantial and less em- rassing than Newport is the avowed sup- t of the group of progressives, headed by ator LaFollette, who met in Chicago on ptember 11 to organize themselves into a on-partisan group to support the President.

EMKE, declining an invitation to debate Norman Thomas, accused both the cialist candidate and Earl Browder of "giv- g aid and comfort to Jim Farley's candidate r the Presidency." At the same time the ion Party candidate for governor of Illinois, illiam Hale Thompson, attended the annual nic of Chicago's Nazi organizations, was orted to a swastika-decorated platform, and n thunderous cheers from the Hitlerites en he denounced the "Reds and Jewish ers."

emke's chief backer, Father Coughlin, de- d a vitriolic attack on Roosevelt before inexpectedly small crowd in Brooklyn. rently in an effort to disprove accusations e was tacitly favoring Landon, the priest l on the Kansan with the blistering that he lacked culture, had a bad pro- tion and an even worse radio delivery. lin himself came in for another slap

"If I had the Urals . . ."

from the Vatican when the *Osservatore Romano* declared that "The Holy See cannot indifferently see its authority challenged in public polemics . . . especially when the assailant is a priest." However, he had the comfort of an endorsement from one high in the councils of the Republican Party. Lambert Fairchild, chairman of the Republican Radio Council, on party stationery begged the editor of the priest's *Social Justice* to "Permit this hard-boiled old-line Republican to pay tribute to the brilliance, candor and high moral courage of your leader Father Coughlin."

IN the medieval city of Nuremberg Adolf Hitler climaxed a four-day orgy of war incitement against the Soviet Union with the words: "If I had the Ural mountains . . . Siberia with its vast forests, and the Ukraine with its tremendous wheat fields, Germany and National Socialist leadership would swim in plenty." In a desperate bid to ruling-class groups in Britain and France for a free hand to proceed against the Soviet Union, the tirades of the Nazi hierarchy against Bolshevism, democracy, and the Jews became progressively more violent in the course of the Congress. But if imperialist circles in Western Europe were not displeased to have the Nazis vilify the Soviet Union, they were hardly elated over Hitler's demand for the return of former German colonies. Mindful of their Tanganyika, Togoland, and other African possessions formerly held by Germany, British Tories, particularly, were disturbed.

It took little effort for Hitler to follow his war howls with the words "we ask only for peace," but experienced observers anticipated, as a sequel to the Congress, a Nazi thrust at Czechoslovakia, which today blocks the road to an attack on the Soviet Union by way of southeastern Europe.

Hitler was forced to appeal for stoicism on the part of the German people in the face of "certain deficiencies in our nutrition" and a "shortage of butter, eggs, fat and in part meat." By way of economic gains, he could submit nothing more impressive than the oft-repeated boast that unemployment has been reduced from six million to one million—without mentioning the fact that a million and a half unemployed have been drafted into forced-labor camps and over two million are employed exclusively in armament production.

In London, representatives of those countries which had agreed to non-intervention in the Spanish conflict were again tricked by Rome and Berlin. As the powers went into conference in Whitehall to discuss enforcement of the neutrality accord, news reached London of the new Italian shipments of munitions and airplanes to the Spanish fascists in Majorca. And, in line with the programs of their respective governments, Italian Ambassador Dino Grandi and Hitler's Prince Bismarck took the first opportunity that arose to wreck the conference by pleading inability to act without further instructions from home. The patience of the Blum government was further rewarded by Portugal's outright refusal to attend the meeting.

Portugal's Dictator Salazar, in the meantime, found himself harassed by uprisings on the Portuguese warships Dao and Alfonso de Albuquerque. Absolute censorship prevails on outgoing news and even the Portuguese embassy in Paris admitted that its contact with Lisbon had been cut off.

Throughout France a new wave of stay-in strikes spread against the violation of the forty-hour week and the Matignon agreement for collective bargaining. More significant from an international standpoint were the strikes directed against Blum's embargo on the shipment of arms and supplies to Spain. The Communist Party reaffirmed its support of the Blum government, however, though it reserved the right to criticize the blockade.

The British Laborite Dalton conferred with Blum during the week and saw to it that the English unions were kept in line with the official French neutrality policy. At the annual British Trade Union Congress Sir Walter Citrine had to resort to Red-baiting to win support for neutrality on Spain and against any co- eration with the Communists. But pressure for a more positive attitude towards the Spanish republic is making headway in England and the forthcoming Labor Party Congress may reverse the decision.

Abandoned by the democratic powers most capable of action, Spain still had to face well-supplied rebel armies. San Sebastian has fallen. But General Mola is in no position to start his advance on Madrid as long as the northeastern coastline, from Bilbao through Santander and Gijon, is not completely under his control. The Asturian miners who are now storming Oviedo are a constant threat to his rear guard. Military measures of the new Caballero government are now being strengthened by more aggressive action in improving the lot of the agrarian and industrial workers. Government forces won the most decisive battle of the campaign at Talavera de la Reina, and the fascist advance on the south was repulsed with heavy losses to the rebel forces.

Pyramiding of war tension on a world scale sent Washington, Tokyo and London naval circles into increasingly feverish activity, interpreting and reinterpreting the clauses of the London Naval Treaty. Asked what significance lay in the choice of the North Pacific for next May's American naval maneuvers, Secretary of the Navy Swanson dryly answered: "None. Except that we want to get better acquainted with these waters."

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Landon Comes Out for Rain

Eavesdropping outside the Liberty League's training camp, this correspondent finds the Republican candidate has hit upon an unbeatable campaign issue

By W. C. Kelly

Governor Landon attended services this morning at the First Methodist Episcopal Church, where he took an active part in the hymn singing.—*United Press dispatch.*

I AM often asked, in my trips about the country, whether Governor Alf M. Landon could sing hymns as well before he was nominated for President as he can now. When I say no, there are sometimes cries of "Ah!" and "Ah! Ah!" Then we go on to Mr. Landon's other solutions for the major problems confronting America. These problems are, of course, unemployment and the drought. For unemployment Mr. Landon favors simply, *real jobs, not relief.* His proposal for the drought is just as simple and direct: *rain.*

This takes us back to the days before Mr. Landon came out definitely for rain. As a roving correspondent, I was picking sunflowers in the outskirts of Topeka, when I heard a familiar voice on the other side of a high board fence. The voice was that of a man singing, "Jesus wants me for a sunbeam . . ." I had heard it before in the Methodist Episcopal Church. "Here," I said, turning around, "I believe we have something. . . ."

Sure enough, there was a man standing behind me, a large man. "Yes, I have!" he said, in a very, very deep voice. "Move on! Nobody's allowed here. This is the Liberty League training camp."

I had heard of the Liberty League before, somewhere, and I looked up and down the long, high, board fence. Obviously, a ball park. I thought immediately of a knot-hole, but the guard anticipated me. "There ain't none," he said. "Move on!"

I offered the guard one of my armfuls of sunflowers. "I'm an old Landon straw-vote man," I said. "This is the training camp for what—the Presidency?"

"I don't know anything," he said. But there was a change in his attitude. Perhaps, I thought, the sunflower is beginning to take effect.

"I heard Mr. Landon singing," I said. "He's got a nice voice, considering its range——"

"You don't know what a time we had with him on some of those hymns," the guard said. "All I know is what I hear, but I hear plenty. That one is one of the hymns for next Sunday."

The singing stopped. The guard sighed.

"What else does he do in there besides sing?" I asked.

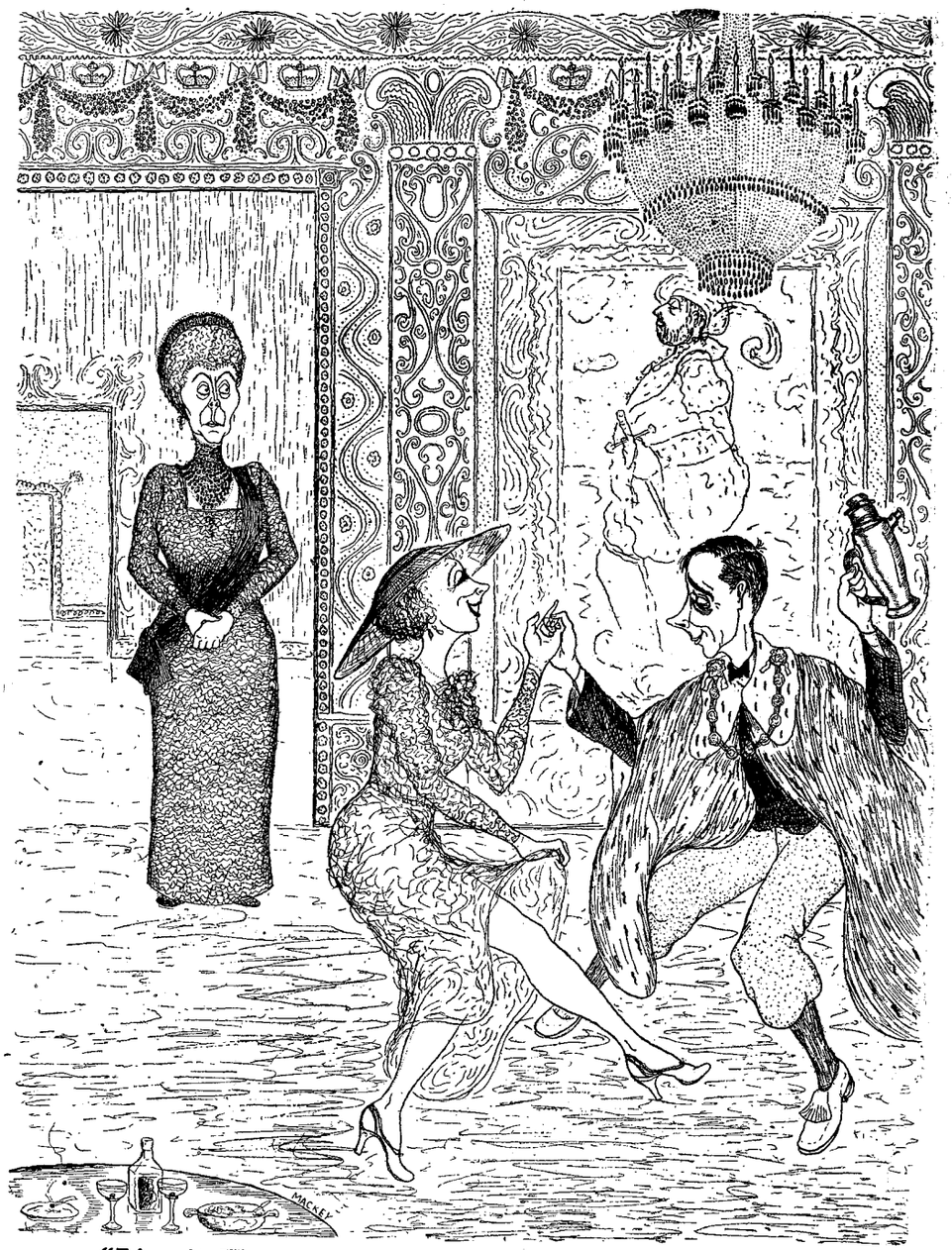
"I'm not at liberty to say," replied the guard, shortly.

"This is the Liberty League park," I reminded him, inappropriately. Then I added: "We'll win, all right!"

"You bet we will," he said. "Tomorrow Landon comes out for rain. I've seen both Democrats and Republicans elected President on issues not anywhere near as good as that one. I was guard at Harding's training camp in 1920 when he won on the issue of what we called normalcy. I never did know what it meant. And if I was guard at his training camp and didn't know, what do you suppose . . .? Well, no one can accuse Mr. Landon of pussyfooting when he comes out for something everybody knows what it is, like rain."

"Does Mr. Landon practise his speeches in there, too?" I asked.

"Everything," he said. "A man can't just get up and run for President out of a clear sky, can he? He's got to be trained. It didn't used to be the Liberty League, but that's only a new name for an old bunch. Every morning Mr.



"Edward! What will the editors of 'Time' have to say about this!"

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Landon puts on his shorts and runs. If there's one thing the Republican candidate has got to have lots of this year, it's wind!"

"What do the Liberty Leaguers think—that they're going to win? Is Landon confident?"

"That's one of the problems," he said, "and one of the most important things is to keep up the spirit of the candidate. I've seen it done lots of times before, and it's usually for the Democrats. This time, it's Landon. The first thing when he gets up in the morning, he's handed a fake telegram from Mr. Roosevelt congratulating him upon his victory. Then instead of going through the usual setting-up exercises, he is put through the practice of taking the oath of office of President—what he will say to the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and everything. Later in the day he practises throwing out the first ball at the first Washington baseball game of the season, just the same as if he was already elected. It keeps his spirit up."

"There is more to being President than a person realizes," I said. "And this training——"

"The big thing is to get elected," the guard corrected me. "Almost anybody can be President. All Mr. Landon will have to do, I understand, is to take the oath of office and throw out the first ball. After that, the Liberty League boys——"

The guard stopped short.

"I hope you're not talking too much," I said. "I never believe anything I hear anyway. But I *would* like to look over the fence——"

"Let me hold the sunflowers," said the guard, obligingly. "I'll give you a boost."

I handed over the armful of sunflowers. The guard looked at me and then at the sunflowers, strangely. "Let the sunflowers go," I said. "Throw them down."

The guard complied, then gave me a boost; he even let me stand on his back. "What's going on?" he asked.

"Is that Landon in the pitcher's box?" I said.

"What time is it?"

I consulted my watch. "Four thirty-two."

"That's Landon. He practises throwing for ten minutes every day, beginning at four-thirty."

"But there are ten men on the playing field," I said. "Aren't there only supposed to be nine?"

"The tenth man ain't playing a regular position," he explained. "That's Al Smith."

"There are six du Ponts on the team," I observed, "and four more on the bench. But where is Hearst?"

"He's scout for the team," said the guard. "He's scouting Mussolini and Hitler in Europe now, and if Landon should be unable to deliver the goods——"

My foot slipped and I sat down rather abruptly on the guard's neck. "When does Landon relax?" I asked quickly, but the guard noticed that I was on his neck. He indicated that he would just as soon that I got down. "Does Mr. Landon train all day long?" I continued.

"He'll chop off soon," said the guard, as I got down, "and then he and the du Ponts and the other boys will lie down, while he reads the Constitution of the United States out loud to them. That's the best relaxation in the world, as he only reads over and over the clauses about interstate commerce and due process of law. Then they will laugh and talk about how coal is a 'potential' article of interstate commerce when employers ask a federal court for an injunction against striking miners, but coal is not an article of interstate commerce when the government seeks to regulate the miners' hours and wages. I never did understand it exactly, but they seem to think it is very funny and very important."

The guard picked up my sunflowers and gave them to me. "You'd better go," he said.

"Thanks," I said. "So long—but I wish you'd keep these sunflowers——"

"If you don't get out of here," he said, "with those damned sunflowers!"

As I walked hurriedly away, I heard the crack of a bat and a ball rose high over the fence for a home run. Landon isn't doing so well, I thought. But there was no way of being sure. Maybe this time it was Landon's batting—and tomorrow wasn't he going to come out for rain? You can't beat rain.

The Mission Raphael Soyer

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"Merry England"

A leading European journalist records a series of candid camera portraits of the birthplace of constitutional government. He has focused on many neglected corners. Some of them are dark and dusty

By Ilya Ehrenbourg

IT IS SUNDAY. Everything closed: restaurants, theaters, movies. After six days of tedious work, a day of tedious rest. "Jolly old England," they sing in songs, though, truth to tell, no one sings them. I have before me figures of deaths in London for the year 1667. So many perished of the plague, so many of worms, so many of convulsions. Three persons died of the spleen. As far back as 1667. . . .

Hampstead. The home of gentlemen with yearly incomes of a thousand pounds and up. They are proud of their individualism. They live in identical houses; at exactly the same hour they all eat the same food and talk of the same things to their wives or sweethearts. Five miles of cottages, five hundred thousand gentlemen. . . .

Blue Blood James Boswell

THERE was a time when England led all nations. Her romanticists inspired Europe. Her economic life served as building materials for Marxism. Men flocked from all lands to Manchester and Glasgow to learn the new technique.

Dover. I look back in amazement—what is it that separates me from Calais? Thirty kilometers or thirty years? Clothes made of material that never wears out. Puddings that no Continental stomach can digest. Fourteenth-century laws slightly renovated three centuries later. The power of inertia. The endurance of stagnation.

That's a young artist, he is no more than fifty. . . .

Statistics show a sharp decline in births. In South Wales, miners have been starving for years. Their wives have ceased to bear children. Yet there is one town in England whose birth rate goes on. Harlech, the famous golf center. The kids of the neighborhood are kept busy picking up balls for the wealthy sportsmen. A Harlech shopkeeper explained to this reporter: "To have a child here is the finest investment. In eight years the kid will bring in as much as a hundred pounds a year."

Harlech is but a tiny village.

CONTRARY to all laws of nature, in England old men push out the young. Ten years from now the artist who was pointed out to me (he will be sixty then) will be but a stripling.

The ridiculously tall but short-nosed taxis look like ancient carriages. Elegant shop windows display account books of the eighteenth century and moth-eaten silk hats. The sessions in Parliament might be a pantomime performance in the Middle Ages: legs of Tories and Whigs reposing stately upon tables. Houses unheated even in coldest weather. Life made uncomfortable on purpose. Even topers must turn diplomats: night clubs with brightly illumined signs outside are known as so-called private clubs and the visitor must enter the name of his sponsor in a book, and if no illustrious name of some lord occurs to him at the moment, any name of a biblical patriarch will do.

Machines of the latest design are housed in workshops dating from the darkest days of Oliver Twist. Here is a telephone with the latest American improvements: a microphone to connect you with several subscribers at one time. Right next to it is one that looks like the first model.

"Why don't you put in a new lift?"

"This lift, sir, used to take up the late Queen Victoria."

Two gentlemen are eating mutton with jelly. They are discussing a mining proposition in Colombia. Suddenly both rise and reverently stare into space: the orchestra has struck up "God Save the King." This over, the gentlemen sit down again and return to their muttons and mines.

A GENTLEMAN is a very conscious being: he takes everything he can, and gives only that which he cannot avoid giving. He both takes and gives in its proper time.

"England's shameful surrender!" screams Lloyd George in Parliament.

Several legs belonging to Tories are seen moving on the table where they lie near the Speaker's gavel. Professional babblers, w ing out the green lawns of Hyde Park, d repeat Lloyd George's mouthings. They of the Negus, of Christ, of the dove of pe They make no mention of cruisers.

At a West End club one diehard whis to another:

"Destroy fascism? . . . Let's handle F first."

Naturally, the gentleman knows the im tance of national dignity. He likewise kn the meaning of class interests.

Germany was in no hurry to answer questionnaire: the fascists of Germany plenty of other work to keep them b Building warships, for example, and gree illustrious Italian ladies. . . .

"I say, darling, aren't we on an island more?"

We hear this at breakfast. Mister S swallows a mouthful of cooked oatme looks at his spouse through guileless eyes, but says nothing; it has just to him that it really isn't so very f Hamburg to Tilbury.

Dogs with collection boxes: they col hospitals and almshouses. Will they so gin to collect money for cruisers? The lish middle class adores charity. "Lady E ton has contributed one and a half m pounds for the needs of the governme Great Britain; two hundred thousand pc for the army and navy; three thousand pc for botanical gardens; ten thousand pc for the Liverpool Cathedral. And eleven

Means Test James Boswe

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l pounds for organizing a campaign against
ch persecutions in Russia."
)mitting the orchids and the palms, we
t agree that the lady has proven herself
e discerning.
he protector of Hungarian magnates and
irer of Herr Hitler, Lord Rothermere, has
ated five thousand pounds toward the
esiastical seminary at Leatherhead with the
)wing accompanying note: "As a large em-
er of labor I have found that your town
)lies the largest number of modest and
ustrious workers." Not so much the spirit
generosity as that of self-preservation.

GIGANTIC CITY. You cannot cover it on
, nor embrace it mentally. Scores of dif-
nt cities called by one name, London. In
:adilly on a bright June night, men in
ing dress and tuxedos. Half-naked ladies
er with diamonds like advertising signs.
:her away, through the light-blue mist of
try day, rise up cranes, factory chimneys,
cy warehouses. This is Poplar. Here you
see many Englishmen in coats, but with-
shirts, with lofty traditions (so we are
red by patriotic authors), but without
s. It is no more than a couple of miles
1 the city, but they speak a totally differ-
language here. The dweller of Poplar
s it hard to understand the resident of
npstead—it is not merely a question of
)sophy, of grammar. Outside the drinking
ns are women and children, but children
)t allowed inside, so the beer is brought
he women to drink in the street.
echapel at night bathed in the veno-
reen light — slums, cats, shades of
1. Bond Street with its windows filled
gars, jewels, perfumes, dresses—costing
eds of thousands of guineas. The amaz-
reen of the squares—don't look for the
these squares are locked, the keys are
the owners of the surrounding houses.
thers can enjoy the freedom of the royal
—by courtesy of His Majesty. The
geois revolution—which did not fully
place—remains the key which explains
sh life. The Temple, the black houses,
assage-ways, the dust, the ancient chapel,
king of typewriters, the offices, the rick-
and boys, the beer houses, and finally
netery with its rows of tiny marble

et singers send forth their songs amid
nderous rumble of motor-buses. Street
draw landscapes on the pavement.
zed pauperism. A man in a derby hat
natches. On one side of the street march
up ladies of the Salvation Army. On
her, a parade of street-walkers.

WATCH a demonstration of farmer-ten-
They are forced to pay exorbitant sums
es to the Anglican church: a survival
Middle Ages reconfirmed by a new
'he Labor Party leads the demonstra-
nce it is an anti-government move.
mers parade in ancient costumes hired
heatrical costumers. They carry shock-
evolutionary placards, reading: "High tithes are incompatible with Christian principles."

The German writer Toller now lives in London. He was invited by a certain religious group to address them. Arriving at the church he was asked what biblical text he had selected for his sermon. Toller painfully began to rack his brain for some religious text. Finally he murmured: "I believe there is something about the money changers in the temple. . . ." The congregation nodded in approval and began to turn the pages of the prayer book. Toller spoke of the horrors of fascism. When he had finished, the congregation offered a prayer for the safety of Thaelmann and then proceeded to take up a collection for the building of a new church.

"PURE" writers are respected in England, but not read. The circulation of a literary magazine rarely reaches three thousand. The "pure" writers as a rule enjoy private incomes and cottages; they indulge in exercises of lofty style and complex shadings of emotions. They dwell outside of life. The "impure" authors compose adventure and detective stories. Their names are not known to anyone, but on the other hand they make a great deal of money.

Literature to gentlemen means writers. During the meetings of the International Association of Writers requests kept pouring in: Lady So-and-so would like to have two foreign writers for lunch. Lord This-and-that wants three for dinner; another lady will take forty for cocktails. Similarly, feudal barons used to surround themselves with philosophers, poets, and jugglers.

The two most distinguished British authors, Shaw and Wells, do not care much for each other; they are rivals. Since the good old days they are both considered "Left." Who will outpoint the other in the flow of paradoxes? And literature becomes a music-hall turn. Of all words, just one remains: "I." Gorky died, and Wells said: *"I* met him under unfavorable circumstances." Shaw says: *"I* too must die soon."

W. Milnus

Wells made his appearance at our conference. He entered the hall while Malraux was speaking, hung up his hat, and proceeded to have tea at the buffet. When told that Malraux had finished, Wells returned to the hall and said to the gathering: "Frankly speaking, all this is idle effort," and with an indulgent smile at his own witticism picked up his hat and left.

Let me add that the meetings of the authors' secretariat was held in the Quakers' Meeting House—for such is the geography of London.

IN A court of justice. Everything is very solemn, reminding one of the theater. Judges and barristers wear intricate wigs with little tails at the back. Every wig costs nine pounds. In the Court of Appeal the wigs are still more intricate and cost no less than fifteen pounds apiece.

The presiding judge, the prosecutor, the barristers—all speak a language unfamiliar to the ordinary mortal. A woman is on trial. Her husband was wounded in 1901 in the Boer War. He died in 1919. She was receiving a tiny pension. During the preceding winter it came to light that this woman had never been officially married to the deceased; they had lived as husband and wife for sixteen years without benefit of clergy. In grave tones the presiding justice sets forth the difference between marriage and cohabitation. The woman blinks her eyes, perplexed. The prosecutor dwells on the baseness of the deceit. The woman is sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

A laborer had lost his arm while on a job. He made a claim. His lawyer quotes the law passed by Parliament in 1919. The lawyer representing the factory insists on the principle dating back to the ninth century of *"Volenti non fit injuria"*—he who has voluntarily agreed to do certain work has no recourse to justice. The ninth century triumphs; the claim is denied.

A divorce case: adultery must be proved. Intimate relationships in all their details take turns with legalistic Latin. Men in wigs exchange playful winks. A divorce costs at least a hundred pounds. Everything must be paid for: wigs, solemnity, quotations. Tens of thousands of solicitors and barristers batten at the expense of poverty: for they know the laws that are as terrifying to the ordinary man as the jungle.

THE NEWSPAPERS write: "England marches toward social equality." The years of the crisis have almost wiped out the small industries. Prior to the crisis there were tens of thousands of businesses in the mining and textile industries. Only hundreds of them have survived. Statistics show that 60 percent of the national income is enjoyed by two percent of the population. Not long ago an unemployed miner picked up a pailful of coal. He

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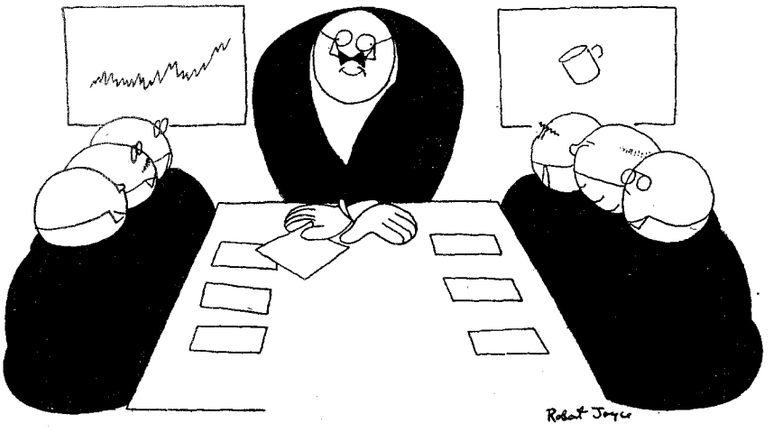

"We're in the tin cup business, Gutzel! Of course we're for Landon!"

was given six months in prison for it. The value of the "stolen" coal was exactly one shilling and sixpence. In the report of a big insurance company I read of a gentleman who has insured his life for four hundred thousand pounds. Such is their "social equality."

On the Continent the bourgeoisie seems rather ashamed of its wealth; in England they vaunt it. Twenty million pounds are invested in drawing-room pet dogs. This does not include hunting or racing dogs. In greyhound racers six million pounds are invested. A chow dog was recently sold for two thousand pounds. A good Labrador retriever will fetch fifty guineas for one mating. A guinea is worth a little more than a pound, and it is in guineas that famous doctors, society portrait painters, film actresses, stallions, and dogs are paid for—the monetary unity of the aristocracy. A good breeding dog will earn two thousand pounds a year. A prize stallion will get as much as a hundred guineas for one service. An eight-year-old breeder will realize twelve thousand pounds a year. I know a saleswoman in one of London's department stores who earns sixty pounds a year: just thirty-five times less than a dog.

A teacher receives one hundred and fifty pounds a year. A lady who arranges charitable evenings (there is actually such a profession) receives a hundred pounds for each such affair, and so can easily earn two thousand pounds during the year. A young composer recently threw himself into the Thames. He left a note: "I am tired of starving." A jazz-band leader at a fashionable night club gets twenty-eight thousand pounds a year.

You pay two pounds eight shillings admission to the races—just what a laborer will get for his week's work. More than a million pounds were paid in admissions to dog races in 1935. A new sport is coming into vogue—cat races, though so far it is reserved for exclusive circles.

HUNTING is a sport held in particular esteem in England. It isn't so much a matter of getting a good bag, as it is the tradition of the sport. Any self-respecting gentleman in a drawing room or at his club, or even in Parliament, will drop in a casual sort of way: "When I spotted the fox. . . ."

Graves, the journalist, describes just how much it will cost a young gentleman who has made up his mind to join a foxhunt. We take it the gentleman has two mounts. Each will cost forty shillings upkeep a week. The groom, fifty shillings. The hunting license will cost from thirty to fifty pounds. The gentleman will have to order two hunting coats: one red and one black. The red will cost fifteen pounds, the black ten. Two pairs of boots at ten guineas each. Two pairs of breeches at four guineas. Two top hats at seven guineas. Two pairs of special underpants — four pounds, ten shillings. There follows a long list of various accessories. No gentleman can do without them. It will cost him four hundred pounds.

On Thursday nights the London Zoo is kept open until eleven o'clock. Gentlemen in full evening dress scare the monkeys by their appearance. Ladies in evening frocks disturb the slumber of artless tigers. It costs eight pounds a week to keep a gorilla. Millions of workers' families live on two pounds a week. And don't forget the gorilla can walk about naked, while human beings must cover themselves at least with rags. Besides, the gorilla is provided with a cage free of charge, whereas the worker is forced to part with a quarter of his earnings for damp and dreary lodgings.

TEN COLORED BEINGS labor for every Englishman. I have met butlers and valets who boasted of their masters' wealth. These are, of course, neither Hindoos nor Negroes. I had occasion to go to the workers' districts with a trade-union official. All along the way this official was busy heaping praise upon the past and present of Great Britain. "Our British workers live far better than those on the Continent." My attempt to compare the food and housing conditions of the English and French workers irritated him: "We are not on the Continent," he said. Just like a Cook's guide he would exclaim in great excitement: "Look, on this spot 130 years ago they hanged a criminal!" In ecstasy he would murmur: "Look at our beautiful buildings," as he went by the big banks. I asked him to take me into workers' flats. Proudly he replied: "No. The Englishman's home is his castle." I asked him to introduce me to workers. He brought me to a local trade-union bra There I met the official's twin brother. cial No. 2 began his little speech: "' British workers live far better than . "Than the Continental," I prompted. beamed approval and stopped.

I have been in workers' houses. They not castles. They are dirty holes. I sp to workers who are not trade-union funct aries. They did not flaunt their well-be Close by the trade-union headquarters I a woman. She was unemployed and she four children. The children had no sh She told me: "I've been coming here for t weeks. They are still investigating where late husband was working from 1919 1921. . . ."

Two million registered unemployed. million unemployed officially transferred the category of "paupers." One million employed that aren't eligible even for "pauper" category.

The general secretary of the trade ur was recently honored with a knighthood. is now Sir Walter Citrine. Sir Walte busy writing eloquently of workers who h nothing to eat and who walk about barefoo You may think perhaps that he has met t workers in London, in Cardiff, or in M chester? Not at all. In order to me t hu and barefoot workers Sir Walter Leningrad. Is it then to be wonde io the same newspaper that publishes S er articles should sing the praises of the and well-being of the German workers under the wing of Herr Hitler?

I HAVE NOT overlooked the asset side don: the beauty of Westminster Ab shady parks, the fine motor-buses, the nature, the cheap excursions to the sea the size of the newspapers, the equi n the new movie studios, the excellent quali the smoking pipes, and finally, the righ Hindoos—perhaps not in India itself, l least in London's Hyde Park—to spea against British imperialism. When I spe ostentatious wealth, of stagnation, of po of hypocrisy, it is only because we have nurtured to esteem this land, her *habea pus,* her brave sailors, her scientists, the of her Shakespeare, the poetry of Shel Keats, her Dickens, over whose books r of us have shed and still are shedding Shaw is undoubtedly very witty, and brain very fertile, but why is it tha land has no Gorky, no Romain Rolla Gide? Why have the discoverers o lands turned into holders of colonial ties? Why should men who boast of t constitution in the world admire the evil of black and brown shirts?

In dark courtyards of London's Eas I have seen the children of workers. do not look attractive: poverty has pal cheeks. But they play gayly, they Where, if not here, shall we look for t British humor? They want to learn want to live. Not Lord Rothern but the children of Poplar are the England.

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Noon Lynching

The candy was like a sweet sticky dream on his tongue. Herman smiled, thinking of Hudson Farm, where go the bad boys, who walk like kings in the eyes of good boys . . . "If they gets me," he said

By Jo Sinclair

ERMAN waited fifteen minutes after the bell had rung; then he put the stolen candy in his mouth—nd, hard, sticky stuff, sweet and good. sat relaxed in his seat and listened Miss Olcott's shrill dry voice as it talked rminably and horribly from behind a book. moved softly, like a small black lithe cat, 1 time to time, to feel the beautiful kling sound of the cellophane bag of pea- s in his pocket; and he thought dreamily, h pleasure, of tomorrow, when again he ıld go into Rubin's Confectionery with kids and again steal, with crafty wonder- movements, candy or gum or peanuts. nderful! Wasn't life wonderful!

t you," said Miss Olcott, her long ar[illegible] cold and hating as always, "to lesson, all of it, from page one hun- and two through page one hundred and 1. When I come back I will ask ques- I warn you." And her tall thin body m the room, the heels of her shoes p! tap! tap! hard and sharp and cruel ys on the floor and through the door. beanpole," Herman whispered. The was like a sweet sticky dream on his : and on the inside walls of his cheeks. ley, Herman," Arthur whispered, two away, "what did you get by Rubin's?" ull's eyes," Herman whispered back. ıuts." He pushed his hand tenderly his trousers, and the wonderful crack- sound came triumphantly, widening ır's eyes, making them round and long-

ɔy," Arthur said under his breath, day Rubin gets you an then—an ɔu gets Hudson Farm for sure."

nan smiled, sucking sweetness into , thinking of Hudson Farm, where l boys go, where go the hard bad boys eal and sin, who walk like kings before loring eyes of good boys. "If they ıe," Herman said softly, and he swal- the tiny melted blob of sugar.

N HOUR the classroom stewed languor- in the juices of young whispering and turning pages. Warmth from liators, lying like coiled hotbreathing along the windows, hovered over 1. Sleepy, sugarhappy, he thought of v outside on the pavements, a year oon it would be warm, spring, dark n which one ran madly from street t dodging the automobiles, from store to store laden with good stolen stuff, dodg- ing the cops and the men with aprons tied about their bulging stomachs. One night pretty soon, warm, dark, he would get to take a parked auto and ride and ride. Sam would show him how. It was easy. You used some kind of a pin, a hairpin maybe.

The big clock above the door made a peaceful regular sound, and Herman took another candy into his mouth. It lay hidden beneath his tongue, the sweet round feel of it spreading like a warm liquid magnet until he tasted it all over him, and he could taste the room, too, the warmth, the hush-hush of whispering voices, the clock's quiet re- peated peace. Wonderful! And if he could get ten cents, he'd go Saturday to the Halt- north. He'd stay all day, see the show three times — maybe four — Tim McCoy. The huge white horse galloping like thunder over the plains. The bandits, masked. Guns, stiff and ready in the two hands, two guns spitting fire.

He turned the pages of his book and list- ened to the crackling sound of his pocket. When Miss Olcott came into the room he raised his hand.

"Well?" she said, seating herself.

"Can I go to the washroom?" he said meekly.

"Five minutes," her dry cold voice told him. He knew she could not tell him he lied, and he chuckled a little as he sped to- ward the far end of the corridor. Wonder what she looks like when she goes, he thought, and he laughed to himself; ol' beanpole sitting there. Safe in the washroom, alone, he leaned against the sink and stared into the old flecked mirror, into his shining excited eyes. Wonderful! Slowly he took from his pocket the crackling bag full of small salted peanuts. Leaning against the cool sink he ate peanuts slowly, dreaming of his triumphs, staring into his mirrored glazed eyes. Stick 'em up! Hand over that money. That five thousand dollars. That million dollars! Come on, I'm tough, see? All right, boy, don't say I didn't tell you. And swaying slowly before the mirror, he felt the recoil of the two guns as sound shattered the stillness. The man's body lay, bleeding, at his feet. He stooped swiftly for the gold. . . .

H. A. Blumenstiel

WHEN Herman came into the room and slid into his seat he could taste the small dots of salt on his gums and teeth, but he sat still, missing the crackling sound, vaguely sorry that he had eaten all of the nuts. Suddenly he was aware of the piercing silence in the room, and looking up he felt the weight of a roomful of eyes, and the utter devastating silence thrilled him like a sudden thought of ghosts at night.

"Herman Jackson," Miss Olcott said. Behind the desk she sat and stared at him, her white long face cold, her eyes hating him. "Come up here," she said. And, walk- ing to the desk, he felt all the eyes upon him, and her eyes. Behind the desk she sat and stared at him, and he thought, that teacher sure hates me all right, like she hates dirt. I wonder why.

The middle drawer of the desk was open under her hands. He saw the box of powder, the rouge, some white soft stuff like hand- kerchiefs. "Put it back," Miss Olcott said, breathing hard. Her cheeks had spots of red on them, and there was red all over her skinny chest, where her dress came down, V-shaped.

"Ma'am?" Herman said, looking into her hating blue-dry eyes.

"You vile, wretched boy," Miss Olcott said, choking a little. "Give me the money you stole. Immediately!"

Herman looked at her. His tongue pressed the salt taste on his teeth as he backed away from her fury.

"No ma'am," he said. "I never took no money."

He heard the slight soft gasp behind, as the boys and girls leaned toward him; but

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he did not take his eyes from Miss Olcott's thin pulsating cheeks. I ain't that bad, he thought; and he felt admiration for the boy who had dared to do this thing.

"There was a change purse in this drawer, Herman," the woman said. She was breathless with anger and a sense of indignity. She was drawn toward him, and he felt himself near, *near* the mottled face and chest. "The purse is gone. I know you took it. You are the only bad boy in my room. Will you give it back, or shall I have you arrested?"

"I never took that," he said, wondering why she hated him so.

"You took the erasers that one time?"

"Yes'm, I took them."

"You took Mae Jessup's book last week?"

"Well, yes'm, I did." He was beginning to shuffle now, feeling intensely the eyes before and behind him.

"You are a thief," Miss Olcott told him, her voice close and hard. Her hand closed on his ear, pinching, pulling him to the desk. "I am giving you one chance. Return that money. Do you understand?"

"I never did take it," he said, almost whispering. The clockvoice had changed. It was very loud in Miss Olcott's hand as it hurt his ear. "No'm, I didn't," he tried to tell her, but he was afraid of her hate and he could not understand.

She stared into his eyes, and he knew that she wanted to beat him, he could feel her hand shaking a little with her great hate. "I'll teach you," she said, but it was as if she was talking to herself and Herman could not understand. "Go to your seat."

He went back, seeing them all sitting there, still behind their books. Miss Olcott said, "I'm leaving the room in your care, James. Report all whispering." And she left the room, banging the door.

Herman thought of his mamma's face when she would hear this. "But Mamma," he would tell her, "I didn't take the money." Oh, but she would be moaning around there all the time, talking of sin and Hudson Farm. They paddled you there, Sam said. Sam said the teachers had a way of hitting you there; they grabbed one side of your face with their left hand, then they rubbed your other cheek with their right hand for a long time until your skin was good and hot, then they smacked the hot skin a couple of times all their might. Boy, does that hurt! Sam said. They used to do it to Sam all the time, and he was bigger than me. But I didn't even take the goddamn money. What's she got against me anyway?

Vainly his tongue probed for the last lost sweet taste along his gums. "Hey," he whispered, "want a bull's-eye?"

But Arthur did not look up from his desperate studying, and James said loudly, "No whispering, you."

AT TEN minutes to twelve Miss Olcott walked under the clock and into the room. She said nothing. At her desk she sat like a thin ugly face mounted upon angular flowered chiffon. Her eyes smiled viciously at Herman.

For a long time the room was warm and silent, with the clock brooding loudly and the woman sitting triumphant and watchful and smiling at her desk. Then it was almost twelve o'clock, and Miss Olcott said, "Herman, report to Mr. Jenkins in the basement."

"To the janitor?" Herman said.

"Yes. He is waiting for you."

He walked, as slowly as he dared, out of the room and down the two flights of steps into the basement. Mr. Jenkins, a fat man whose bald head looked dirty-gray, was there, talking to a tall policeman. Herman walked toward them, feeling the cold stone floor through the soles of his shoes. Well, there's the Farm, he thought, and he began to feel warm and relieved after the silent brooding clockfull room upstairs.

He stood still for perhaps five minutes, then the fat man turned suddenly and shouted, "Who're you?"

"I'm Herman Jackson," he said, astounded. "Miss Olcott sent me." And he looked at the buttons on the policeman's coat, wondering why they didn't ta right away.

The janitor began to smile in an o "Oho," he said, "that one! Oho." began to redden and widen. "This colored kid that steals all the t makes trouble for everybody," he sa policeman. "Where's that pocketb roared, turning back to Herman denly.

"I didn't take no pocketbook," said.

"How old are you, boy?" the said, scowling down at him.

"Ten," Herman said.

"Ten?" the janitor mused. pretty young to die, ain't it?"

"Where's that pocketbook?" th man shouted, raising his club.

"I ain't got it. I never took tha Herman watched the club. To *di*

"How'd you like to die, boy?" said, bending down to him and into his face. "I'm gonna show voice sounded like Miss Olcott's n and dry. "Hold him, Al," the j and when the policeman grabbe

I Have Delicate Hopes . . .

WHAT weighs down the lids, he can't care
in an easy chair; after work, full
to the pit with meat; generating
tomorrow's energy: the truck horse,
nodding in drowse; the paper he would read
hung on faint fingertips, the mind mute, exhausted.

The body shifts slowly,
gradually sleep comes complete;
the head on chest like amen. Seems resigned.
The wornout cog stopped briefly, in the city
the machine lies quiet; till dawn,
then the horse will grind again and how . . .
till he slips.

And, "Send in the biggest
on the line, we need 'em strong these days,
with endurance."

Yet, each morning he will rise,
though he knows; is quiet with this knowledge.
Is he afraid, indifferent; fatalistic Hindoo?

He counts his time, he waits; I know,
I have seen him on the picket line, clubbing
strikebreakers; I heard he was killed
many times, I saw him bleeding one day
from the ears; a cop's club.

I have watched him at his parties, dancing;
purposeful, passionate; have watched him playing,
intense.

Give him time, give him a hand;
his work brutal with demand. I have delicate hopes
stored in him, they are safe with him.

ISRAEL DUBINSKY.

★ ★ ★

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. Jenkins went into his room leading off
n the gymnasium. He came back fast with
ope in one hand and in the other a chair.
rman, puzzled, noticed it was a teacher's
ir, and he wondered what Miss Olcott
doing; but then he began to watch the
red-faced man, who stood on the chair
reached up to throw one end of the rope
r an iron pipe which ran along the low
ng. He jumped off the chair and knotted
end of the rope into a noose.

Now boy," he said, turning, the rope in
hands. His voice was hard and happy.
t up on that chair. I wish I had all
rest of those black devils here, too. Get
now, fast!"

he policeman pulled Herman up and
him on the chair, amazed. Then the
tor placed the noose about Herman's
, tightened it, and stepped back holding
other end of the rope.

What you gonna do?" Herman said,
ing from one white harsh face to the

ıe janitor smiled. "Boy," he said gently,
gonna count three. If you don't tell
ou took that pocketbook by the time I
o three, I'm gonna kick that chair away,
you're gonna walk on air. Get it? Just
talk and you're gonna die so fast you
t know what happened to you."

ıg on the chair, amazed, the rope
ght around his throat, Herman be-
el the first icy terror. "What you
he said, beginning to shake under
beginning to quail under the word
ıme go, mister, lemme go." Into
ran small deathly thoughts. Oh,
ll him and throw him in the deep
w and no one would ever find him.
'd kill him sure enough, a police-
uld do that all right, and mamma
't even know where to look. Mamma!
ıa! And he caught a last glimpse of
tchen, with mamma at the stove; the
overed with newspapers, and the little
plant on the window sill.

ı gonna hang you dead," the janitor

ıan screamed, "I didn't, I didn't!"
," said the janitor, smiling.

v felt the tight, horrible strange
ming. In the dim basement the
ı seemed to loom, gigantic, one hold-
rope, the other's buttons and badge
and like death signals.

," said the janitor.

ıan screamed desperately, "I took it.
did!"

men smiled. "The money?" said the

n't no money. Honest, mister, wasn't
y there at all."

—"

threw it away." How tight the
Was he dying, choking? Mamma,
amma!

—"

ı wept at last, standing first on one
the other. "I spent it," he said, sobbing, feeling himself dying. "Yes, I spent it all." Feeling the choking secret death waiting, he told lie after feverish lie, waiting for the rope to tighten. "I bought candy. Gum. Hot dogs and soda pop. I went to the show. I—I bought a lot of candy, all kinds, honest."

WHEN the rope was taken away he fell to the stone floor and lay there, shaking and sobbing.

"O.K., boy," the policeman said, "it's the Farm for you."

Laughing, Mr. Jenkins coiled the rope. "Al," he said, "I never had so much fun in my life. Wouldn't you like to do it to the whole damn bunch of 'em?"

When the policeman's hand went down to him Herman took a good breath and felt that he was alive, alive! The rope was gone. The choking would never begin now. Ah, let them take him. No, he didn't care, if only he was alive and they wouldn't take and hide him away somewhere in the snow where nobody would know. When he grew up, when he came back from the Farm! . . .

"Come on," the policeman said, pulling him along. Herman went, feeling the cold hard stone floor beneath his feet, feeling a new strong hate within him, like the floor, cold like the floor, cold and hard and like stone. Just you wait, he said, his feet rapping the words out of the stone; just wait, just wait!

Watercolor by George Grosz Courtesy An American Place

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READERS' FORUM

Political chain letters—"The General Died at Dawn"—More on Farrell

● As a convinced and active anti-fascist, I wish to second the excellent suggestion of Mr. Paul Haines as expressed in his letter printed in your issue of September 8. Not only have I followed his example, but I feel that his proposal deserves the added publicity of another appearance in your columns.

The proposal is to start a series of chain letters by writing to ten acquaintances concerning the issues of the coming election, advocating support of independent labor candidates, stressing the importance of defeating the Landon-Hearst-Liberty League gang, and urging each of the ten to send the same message in turn to ten more.

Mr. Haines not only pointed out the rapid spread of such a campaign, but correctly (as I can witness) noted the amount of political education to be derived from the necessity of directing this message in the manner best calculated to rouse and influence each individual recipient.

In common, doubtless, with many of your readers, I have some acquaintances who do not need any such urging and some others who, scornfully, angrily, or laughingly, would certainly ignore it. But there are beyond doubt many in between these two groups to whom the method suggested by Mr. Haines offers a sound and effective approach.

DAVID MCK. WHITE.

Another Enthusiast

● I think that the suggestion of Paul Haines for a chain letter to defeat the Landon-Hearst-Liberty League gang would strike home. It would make greater personal contact with the masses and might help to suppress some of the reactionary propaganda. If you can help me in communicating with Mr. Haines I shall be glad to have a copy of his letter and start sending them to some of my friends.

CELIA FLUM.

[Will Mr. Haines send us a sample of one of his chain letters?—THE EDITORS.]

On Odets's Film

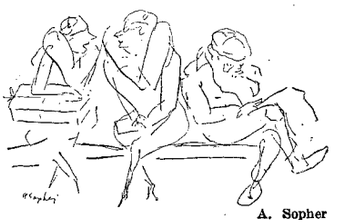
● Mr. Frank S. Nugent, film reviewer of the New York *Times,* in his review of Clifford Odets's first screen play, *The General Died at Dawn,* chuckled over what he considered Odets's failure to give the "left-wing claque" cause for cheering. Mr. Nugent, who loves his little joke, felt so happy about the disappointment of the "left wingers" that he wrote a second article about it, which he labeled ever so cutely, "Odets, Where is Thy Sting?"

Now, your film reviewer, Bob White, admitted his disappointment about *The General Died at Dawn* in no uncertain terms; he felt, as the charming Mr. Nugent did, that Clifford Odets had really let his left-wing rooters down rather badly. All of which seems to me to be extremely ungrateful. Mr. Odets came through the mill of Hollywood production remarkably well. *The General Died at Dawn* was unmistakably Odets's own. It was quite as progressive as *Fury,* which won the approval of all left-minded people. The whole production had the revolutionary zeal of an underground movement, a heroic quality. The fact that it was laid in China did not make it any the less vital, and surely the scene near the opening where O'Hara, Mr. Odets's protagonist, accosts a reactionary American tourist and speaks his mind is about as far left as Hollywood could go.

From the artistic standpoint, I feel that *The General Died at Dawn* is the best American film since *The Informer.*

MYRON GALESKI.

[Reviewer Bob White, while saying the film was disappointing from the left-wing point of view



A. Sopher

because it was largely the old box-office formula, did not blame Scenarist Odets for that nor did he pan the picture outright. He did refer approvingly to its "strong lines" and some of its direction, and to most of its photography and acting.—THE EDITORS.]

For Simpler Verse

● Isn't it about time that our proletarian poets directed their messages to people who have not yet become class conscious so they may learn about the labor movement, its power and struggles toward a society free from the despotism of finance capital? Our proletarian poets are most sectarian, and they constantly word their thoughts and ideas in such complex and heavily literary style that only those who are already acquainted with poetry and the movement can understand what they mean. More simplicity is needed and is very necessary if we are going to reach the millions of workers whose education and understanding is necessarily limited.

YOUNG POET.

An Answer to Farrell

● In your issue of September 1, James T. Farrell takes exception to my footnoting Hicks. Dismissing those major portions of my note in which I cited his significant distortions of Hicks as "questions of taste and interpretation" which he does not wish to argue with me, he fastens upon one paragraph for his "exception." For instance, having read *both* editions of Hicks's book, and studied the indexes of *both,* he still finds "no mention of Langston Hughes." May I urge Farrell to please to look again: in the index of the first edition he will find: "Hughes, Langston, 296, 297." And on those pages in the book he will find a paragraph (inadequate, of course) on Hughes. In the revised edition, however, Hicks did omit mention of Hughes; I regard this as very unfortunate and hope that Hicks can explain this lapse.

Farrell also triumphantly points out that Roth's *Call It Sleep* appeared fully one half year before Hicks's revision! And yet Hicks did not mention it! Does Farrell seriously demand that Hicks do the job of an Amy Loveman quarterly "survey" in the *Saturday Review of Literature?* Hicks had written (p. 321): "That these writers and many others play a part in the growth of revolutionary fiction should not be overlooked, but our aim is not an inclusive critique. It is enough to establish that revolutionary fiction exists, that it differs from other fiction, and that it grows and its writers grow." I think one can prove the existence of revolutionary fiction without mentioning a book that appeared a half year before you go to press.

On Randolph Bourne: in the *American Spectator* (April) Farrell could find "no reference" to Bourne and Hughes. Now he retorts that although there is reference to Bourne there is no adequate treatment. Again one must assert that Hicks does not profess to be a Saintsbury; in a 300-page *essay* he wanted to establish a certain thesis. He included w he considered the necessary relevant material. C could seriously object to his neglect of Bourne o if Bourne contradicted his thesis. Since Bourne d not, to impugn Hicks's Marxism on that score inane.

Farrell asks for additional citations of distortio Let us revert to the *American Spectator* artic Farrell writes: "In discussing Ed Howe, author *The Story of a Country Town,* Mr. Hicks s that he 'knew and portrayed the harshness of on the middle border, but he was a bitter, dis pointed newspaper man, whose bitterness set apart from instead of allying him with his nei bors.' When has neighborliness become a liter virtue?" Has Hicks said that neighborliness i literary virtue? Has Hicks no right to speak neighborliness as a *human quality?* Has Farrell right to confuse the two *and to attribute his co sion to Hicks?*

Again: Farrell quotes Hicks on Edith Whart "The success of *Ethan Frome* had suggested possibility of her writing about country people, the novelette, though dramatically effective, is so how cold and mechanical, and . . . its peculiar tues could not be reproduced." Then Farrell c ments: "Neglecting the rather silly classroom missal of *Ethan Frome,* I want to know why peculiar virtues must be repeated?" Has said they must be repeated? Has he not n noted the *fact* that they were not? What *is* F doing? There are still other instances, but should suffice to show that Farrell is jeerin leering, not criticizing.

Farrell is incensed that I used the phr tactics of the literary gutter," in connection attack on Hicks. I repeat, it is many yea I have seen anything as unprincipled as his on Hicks. In the New York *Sun* Saturda page there was a section, a few years ago, "The Bear Garden." There "bright young (Farrell and I were among them) would often each other to pieces. I doubt whether the caus literary criticism was aided by these frays. one developed was a tough skin and a mean (if unfair) wallop. Now there is more se business in hand. Farrell, it seems to me, has taken the left-wing critical movement for a garden; he forgets, in practice, the difference tween sharp criticism and vicious criticism. sharp advances literary movements; the vicious fuses and undermines them.

MORRIS U. SCHAP

Smirnov's "Shakespeare"

● The almost unprecedented diversity of c opinion regarding Professor A. A. Smirnov's *S speare: A Marxist Interpretation,* reviewed ir issue of September 15 by Milton Howard prompted the publishers, the Critics Group, to a collection of the various judgments rendered this book, to be issued when the critical storm subsided somewhat. Judging by such contrad opinions as Mr. Howard's and Professor Be Grebanier's in the September *New Theatre,* fo ample, this battle of the Shakespearean auth should make very interesting reading. The s sium will include the stimulating essay on Sn by Professor S. Mokulsky, eminent dramatic and authoritative Marxist scholar. Readers NEW MASSES who may have been impressed b ton Howard's discussion but who would like t a different view, are urged to reserve a copy Shakespearean symposium. Address the Group, Box 78, Station D, New York.

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NEW MASSES

ESTABLISHED 1911

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A Safe $5000 Offer

THE Chicago *Tribune* recently published a dispatch from Donald Day in Riga saying that Moscow has ordered "Reds" in the United States to back Roosevelt inst Landon. Riga has always been noted as a source ɔoloney about the Soviet Union and about "Reds," and these two subjects Donald Day is entitled to a Pulitzer ze for fake dispatches.

Hence the Chicago *Daily Times* was wise to doubt the henticity of Mr. Day's latest piece of fiction. Under a ɔ-deck banner line, the *Times* published a front-page edi-al saying: "If the *Tribune,* or any other newspaper, can e to the satisfaction of the American Society of News-r Editors and the American Newspaper Publishers iation that the *Tribune's* dispatch from Donald Day, ɪed Riga, Latvia, August 8, with its heading, is true, *nes* will donate $5000 to the work of the Freedom of ess Committee of the American Newspaper Pub- Association."

: Riga story, the *Times* added, "sounds fishy to us." Chicago *Tribune,* however, did not take up the chal- of the *Times.* Col. Robert R. McCormick, *Tribune* ɔr and publisher, declined even to discuss the matter. did not come forward with any proof that Moscow has :red American "Reds" to back Roosevelt. He did not ɔo for a simple reason: he *could* not possibly do so.

s FIASCO in faking the news did not, however, prevent Chicago *Daily News* from saying editorially on Septem-1: "The Communist International at Moscow has au-zed American Communists to vote for Roosevelt in : to play up to other American radical groups and to ɪt Landon and Knox."

here are only two things wrong with this statement. :ow does not "order" American Communists to do any-;. The Communists in this country are an American y which makes its own policy, and participates in shaping ɔolicy of the Communist International, an organization ɔendent of the Soviet government. They do so in the : way that the Socialist Party in this country takes part aping the policy of the Second International, located in erdam.

at's one thing to keep in mind. The other is a simple r of fact which anyone can ascertain for himself by con-g Communist campaign literature: *the Communists are :cking Roosevelt.*

: lie that the Communists are backing Roosevelt eman-·om the Landon-Hearst-Liberty League crowd. Their is to brand the New Deal as "Communistic." By this

William Sanderson

THE LIBERTY LEAGUE PRESENTS:

trick they hope to accomplish two ends: first, to frighten middle-class groups into embracing the fascist program of Wall Street; second, to discredit socialism in the eyes of the masses by identifying it with the failures of the New Deal.

That is part of the campaign of fraud and evasion carried on by the reaction. But it has nothing to do with the actual position of the Communists. It is true, as the Chicago *Tribune* and the Chicago *Daily News* have pointed out, that the Communists are working for the defeat of Landon. Analyzing parties and issues in the 1936 campaign, Earl Browder said: "The chief enemy of the peace, freedom, and prosperity of the American people is the Republican Party and its reactionary allies. Defeat the Landon-Hearst-Liberty League-Wall Street alliance!" But, Browder explained, "while we are not indifferent to the practical result of the election, we cannot support Roosevelt even as a means of defending democratic rights and social legislation. . . . He yields most to reaction when he has most support from the Left; he fights reaction only to the degree that he thinks necessary to hold labor and progressive forces from breaking away. Therefore, even from the narrow viewpoint of using Roosevelt against Landon, it is absolutely necessary to build the independent organization of labor and progressive forces for independent action—the Farmer-Labor Party; to support Roosevelt is to invite him to make even further retreats."

Moreover, if you should want still further corroboration as to how American "Reds," as well as other citizens, are asked to vote, consider Point Five in Earl Browder's summary of issues and parties: *"The Communist presidential ticket is the only banner in the national elections rallying and organizing all the forces of the people against reaction, fascism, and war, building the people's front in the United States. Vote the Communist presidential ticket!"*

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

Aragon's "Bells of Basel"—Milburn's Progress—Mr. Masters and Signor Mussolini.

LOUIS ARAGON, who ranks with the younger Malraux and the older Gide and Rolland as one of the leading French Communist writers, is still far from being as well known as he should be in America. True, thanks to his outstanding position in the Dada and Surrealist movements in the past, he has had his following, too often a rather precious and misunderstanding one, among American intellectuals; but the reader without French at his command has had to make Aragon's acquaintance chiefly through E. E. Cummings's translation of *The Red Front,* the present reviewer's rendering of the *February and Other Poems,* a number of poetic translations by Meridel Le Sueur, and, if memory serves, a somewhat amateurish version of *The Peasant of Paris,* by William Carlos Williams, some years ago. *The Bells of Basel* * should, accordingly, be received with great interest as being the author's most important novel to date and practically his first for a transatlantic audience.

Before we consider the book, something may perhaps be said as to Aragon himself. To begin with, he is as incorruptible a writer and intellectual as any living. On the æsthetic side, he found himself endowed with the ability to write as *pure* a French as any that there is—and linguistic purity means a great deal to a Frenchman; he is, really, in the line of the great prose writers of his nation. He started with all the odds in his favor. He had talent, genius. It seemed that he might go as far as he liked; and, it was predicted, that would be far. He was, indeed, one of those individuals for whom literary success would appear to be inevitably predestined. There is only one way in which a writer can spoil his destiny in such a case, and that is by being just what Aragon was: honest and uncompromising. He did not play the game, the Parisian literary game, which is an even filthier one than that we know in New York. He did not bow even distantly, which might have saved him, to the cliques in power, to the reviewers, the editors, the ladies who keep salons, and the like. What is more, he did not remain quiet, which once again might have spared him. And yet, in spite of it all. . . .

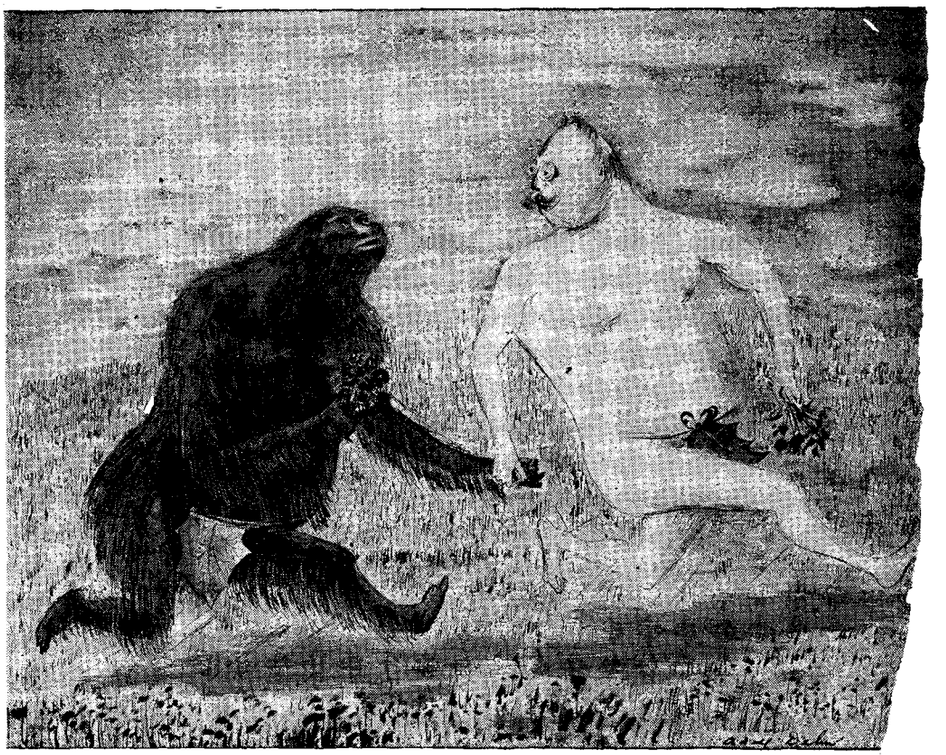
Well, we find him, back in 1920, a son of the bourgeoisie, as he himself will tell us, lining up with the revolting Dadaists; and Dada, let us remember, was nothing if not an after-war "revolt of the sons." From Dada, he went on to that movement's phœnix offspring, Surrealism, after having had his "slap," along with his fellows, at the corpse of the late Anatole France. He became all the time more and more intransigent. The truth of the matter is, as one French literary historian has observed, Aragon represented always the political rather than the mystical side of Dadaism. It was always a hated bourgeoisie, that bourgeoisie from which he sprang, that he was engaged in fighting. "It is only," he has said, "by being a traitor to my class that I can function as a revolutionist."

So far as art was concerned, he attained a completely Leftist position, announcing (about 1930-31) that Surrealism was out to "slay painting," that a book could be no more than "a weapon in the class struggle," etc. A visit to the Soviet Union hauled him up. (He had been a friend of Mayakovsky.) He came back to Paris and soon broke with those dubious playboys, the Surrealists, to become a hard-working proletarian revolutionist. He is now one of the editors of *l'Humanité,* the French Communist daily, of *Commune,* the Communist literary monthly, etc. His present views on art are set forth in a book he published not long ago on socialist realism.

Coming from France's upper bourgeoisie and having enviable access to more than one skeleton-rattling closet, public and private, Aragon is in a superb position to do exactly what he has done in *The Bells of Basel:* bring out the skeletons and let them do their *danse macabre,* from the era of the Dreyfus Affair down to that Socialist Congress of Basel in 1912, which two years before the war started, was held in a cathedral to the pealing of bells (whence the book's title), and which marked the collapse of the false pre-War idealism that, in connection with the chess-board machinations of the militarists, made the bloody holocaust inevitable. Here is the answer, once and for all, to the "good old horse and buggy days" argument. It is one, incidentally, that may be applied to our sunflower Landons. What Aragon shows us, with a terrible sledge hammer piling up of fact on fact and at times a biting irony in every line, is the swift, sure rot of the imperialist system.

In doing this, he has chosen to take woma as his protagonist. Not one woman, but three Two of the old dying order, one out of glamorous new-borning world. There is th *fin-de-siècle* and early-century Diane, wh might be described as the respectable prostitut type. There is Catherine, who is still ec nomically a kept woman, with futile lon vaguely represented to her by the wor class, but who can only flounder and with anarchism. And lastly, there is woman of the new day, Clara Zetkin, m of the Communist Party of France, to w the author devotes an ecstatic non-narr epilogue.

Anyone who has read the two works c



Mr. Brisbane's Millennium Adolf

* *The Bells of Basel, translated from the French by Haakon M. Chevalier. Harcourt, Brace.* $2.50.

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not help comparing Aragon's tightly packed one volume with Jules Romains's continuing *Men of Good Will* series, which so far has covered the same period. And the reader, it seems to this reviewer, is altogether likely to decide that Aragon, with his concentration of types, has given us more in 348 (English) pages than Romains has thus far done in all his stretched-out canvas.

Aragon would make a distinction between the revolutionary and the proletarian novel, and will add that he himself, as a son of the bourgeois, is capable of writing the former, not the latter. But when one reads his magnificent portrayal of the Parisian chauffeurs' strike of 1911-12, or such a passage as that describing the murderous assault on the striking watchmakers, one is inclined to doubt his word. Here, at all events, is revolutionary writing of a high order, without any mannered hardboiledness or other pretense, in a fine prose enriched by slang and common speech. And the American reader is especially fortunate in being able to come at this prose in a version by America's most finely sensitive translator, the one translator we have who is nearest to the French in feeling and in delicacy.

In short, here is a novel that takes its high-ranking place in the history of a new literature.

SAMUEL PUTNAM.

Portrait of a Prairie Town

CATALOGUE, *by George Milburn. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $2.*

FOR some years George Milburn has been considered the white-haired boy of the American short story. And not without justification, for stories like "No More Trumpets" and "A Class in Economics" signalized the liberation of the regional story from the ponderous mythology of the soil. His work had the lean realism of Hemingway in which the characters seem to work out their own destiny. But Milburn went further: through the pathetic waywardness of his hoboes and adolescents and the irony of simple social contrasts, he lifted his stories from the plane of behaviorism. Frustration, which had been stylized into a literary value, began to take on meaning. It seemed that Milburn was admirably equipped to write a novel of the blocked-up frontier. But, to our disappointment, *Catalogue* lacks the significance promised by his short stories.

In its drawling mood, its oblique recital of events, its fidelity to the "local color" of a prairie town, *Catalogue* is an extension of but one aspect of Milburn's earlier work. Through a patchwork of petty intrigues, lecheries, and bickerings, Milburn exposes the physiognomy of a village community in which people are constantly stepping on one another's toes. One man's ambition is another's frustration: love becomes a form of rivalry; and the village philosophy emerges through gossip and a criticism of one's neighbors. The village, as a whole, takes on a stunted and introverted character, as its people, in their semi-articulate grumbling and scheming, seem constantly struggling to be born. Yet they do not emerge either as fulfilled or as tragically defeated persons, for Milburn has himself accepted the terms of their ribald existence. There is Ledbetter, the enterprising editor of the local paper, who abandons his sponsorship of a new sewage system under pressure from Winston, the banker; his young son, whose dreams of adventure violate his father's business principles; the postmaster, a rustic idealist, who bucks the banker and champions an oppressed Negro. Encased within the routines of the town, these people are committed to perverted sublimations, which, even for their primitive consciousness, provide no real satisfactions. With no room for the expansion of their personalities, they can attain only release—and that through violence, or pranks, or lechery.

The novel is given its unity of structure by the place of the Sears, Roebuck and Montgomery Ward catalogues in the daily life of the community. The opening picture of the post office centers around the heavy fall shipment of catalogues. To stimulate local business, Ledbetter initiates a crusade against mail-order buying which ends in an orgiastic burning of the catalogues. And some article purchased from one of the mail-order houses, like the rosebud panties of Irene Pirtle, is frequently a kind of object *ex machina* for later events. But for all its value in giving a symbolic unity to the novel—as a symbol of the commodity relation of the town to the rest of the country and of the petty concerns of its inhabitants—the use of the catalogues remains, for the most part, a literary device. As such, it suggests that the logic of Milburn's material did not create its own necessary structure. Within the limits of the short story, Milburn's methods permitted concentration and the suggestiveness of a single incident. In the form of the novel, however, the result is dispersion and the additive sequence of events. It lacks the change of pace, the psychological contradictions, the counterpoint between the author and his material that we expect of mature fiction. Since most chapters have the sense of completion of a short story, the movement of the action is effective through constant *picking-up* of the narrative threads, and through the persistence of the characters. Hence the violent denouément, in which one of the lovers of Irene is shot and an innocent Negro is lynched, is but a substitute for resolution, since it has not been adequately prepared for by an inescapable social causation and a heightened tension.

Though Milburn has once more demonstrated his talent by his striking vignettes of these small-town people, *Catalogue* is hardly more than a portrait of the throttled yearnings of a prairie town. One of the lessons of regional literature is that the village can be the seat of significant fiction only when the writer, through a consciousness which extends

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beyond the horizons of the village, recognizes it as the arena of far-reaching dramatic conflicts. In this way its people are transmitted into symbols of contemporary life. Thus, for example, the constriction of the patterns of living gave meaning to Sherwood Anderson's tortured adolescent. Similarly, beneath the yokelry and aimless postures of the characters of *Catalogue* might be seen their relation to the mores of American life, their essential—perhaps tragic—significance. But this would have made a different novel.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS.

The Reviving Tree

POEMS OF PEOPLE, *by Edgar Lee Masters. Appleton-Century Co.* $2.50.
SELECTED POEMS, *by Vachel Lindsay. Macmillan Co.,* $1.50.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH'S review of Carl Sandburg's *The People, Yes,* was, in my opinion, one of the most useful pieces of writing the NEW MASSES has published. What I have to say here in regard to the new volume by Edgar Lee Masters and the *Selected Poems* of Vachel Lindsay will be by way of supplementing Mr. MacLeish.

A self-respecting consciousness of itself is a people's heritage from revolution. The different psychology of the Russian of today from the Russian of the pre-Revolutionary years is the achievement of the proletarian revolution by which the Russian people emerged into self-consciousness. Mussolini betrayed the Italian people a second time by turning their minds not to the traditions of the Risorgimento but to the traditions of the corrupt Roman Empire, though ancient Rome itself, even in its imperial days, looked back to its revolution, and its liberation from the Tarquins. Hitler betrayed the German people both by frustrating their revolution and inflaming them by a dreadful imperialism of "race." Both intend to keep the people perpetually minors of the state.

The American people have particularly good reason for a proud self-consciousness. They have made a revolution; they have done what the Soviet Union is doing today, built a society in which so great a measure of opportunity and well-being for the people was achieved that the rest of the world marveled. The pride in that achievement has become something of a habit; the self-satisfaction over it, indeed, became smugness, a dangerous smugness that allowed the substance of power to be stolen from it while the flags and the symbols were conspicuously tended.

Self-consciousness as a people, in fact, went out of fashion in sections of America. The national family album, one might say, was put away in the attic, and if brought out, looked through as an amusement. Self-consciousness as a people was left to the rude West. The surge of Populism was an agrarian offensive against the East. It was a tragedy that the labor movement in the industrial centers did not unite with it. Unity of a sort was achieved in the work of Sandburg, who looked out from Chicago into the plains; in the work of Lindsay, who would have synthesized a new folk art from city vaudeville and jazz and the country fair and the religious revival; and of Masters, the Illinois lawyer, who was challenged to try to know his neighbors. Their work differs from that of poets of equal stature in the East who, with some exceptions (notably that of Frost, who narrows his source to his consciousness of a corner of New England) root themselves in world culture. Hart Crane felt this division, and was disturbed by it, and his lofty poem, *The Bridge,* was an attempt to join the two.

The elements that united Sandburg, Lindsay, and Masters were the resort to the people for emotional sources, and the memory of Lincoln that fills the Midwest and is the strongest symbol there of popular consciousness. Of the three, Masters was the weakest. He had to be prodded by William Marion Reedy into writing *Spoon River,* after he had bored Reedy by clumsy imitations of the classics. Reedy told him to make poetry of what he saw around him. Masters looked but his gaze was not voluntary. And *Spoon River,* too, was an imitation—of the Greek Anthology. His insights, except in a few poems, were those of a critical spectator, and as time went on, the psychological distance between the eye and the people, its object, increased. The few pieces about plain people in the latest volume have a slumming note. The book is largely made up of dull historical pieces and ham recitals of passion.

Where Masters was pushed, Vachel Lindsay leaped. He espoused everything the people appeared to fancy: vaudeville, jazz, the circus, the revival, the calliope, the radio. He worked with a furious energy. His fast, frequently careless poems which now and then degenerate into mumbling and nonsense, have wild energy and beauty. Sometimes it is the energy of hysteria, an effort to work off despair. His suicide was his morbid estimate of his success in building a popular art in America, in stirring a vital self-consciousness in the American people against their debasement at the hands of the profiteers.

Sandburg remains, more consistent, patient, discriminating. But there was a time when he too seemed to have faltered, to have made his immersion in American folk arts and tradition a refuge.

In 1928 America was conscious not of itself but of its fine clothes, of its prosperity. We all can remember that delirium of easy money, which was easy only for a minority, but so conspicuously easy for them that it deluded the majority. Revolutionary America, the America of the people, was, to use Mr. MacLeish's metaphor, a leafless tree in an untended park. From Girard, Kansas, where the *Appeal to Reason* had been issued to self-thinking Americans, the Little Blue Books of sex and vulgarized world culture went out by carloads, instead.

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form, an importation of the socialist faith in the people of the world, the universal people. It has taken time for it to graft upon and grow in the old wood of the leafless tree of the American people's faith in itself. I can only echo Mr. MacLeish's conclusion that all depends upon the vigor of its growth.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

When in Rome . . .

HAIL CÆSAR, by David Darrah. Hale, Cushman & Flint. $2.50.

THE startling fact that there is nothing startling in this book is actually its best recommendation.

David Darrah was my ultimate successor in the Chicago *Tribune* bureau in Rome. My penultimate successor arrived in Italy within a few days of my expulsion and immediately after an emissary from the Paris bureau called on the Fascist foreign office and promised that for the sake of the few francs which the Paris edition, probably the most prostitute newspaper in the history of the world, was getting from the tourist bureau, my successors would trim their sails to the Fascist winds.

Mr. Darrah, I am glad to state, did not do so. Nor did he defy the dictator. He simply went about his business in an honest way, maintaining the American foreign correspondent's claim to the right of objective reporting; he did not write under false names as Bolitho did, nor did he smuggle stories to Paris, although he used the telephone at times, and he did not obtain documents showing Mussolini's complicity in murder and assassination as I did. And yet he was expelled.

Hail Caesar is the best book I know telling the whole story of the difficulty of honest reporting in Fascist Italy. It is a complete story of almost a decade of trying to do decent work while refusing to kiss the *Sitzfleisch* of Mussolini, an exercise which Darrah almost plainly shows is indulged in by other representatives of the American press than Mr. Cortesi of the New York *Times*. In fact, Darrah says that the Italian press bureau falsified the facts of his expulsion "and forced Cortesi to cable it." All the American journalists refused to do so. (And thus the New York *Times's* record of fourteen years of perverted news in favor of Fascism is lengthened and attested.)

The actual cause of Darrah's expulsion was the news of Italy pending the Ethiopian massacres. But that fate had been decreed for him years ago when it became evident he would not bend the knee before Fascism, and moreover—and this is where he differed from most others—that he would not overlook the general decline of Italy under Fascism. He was not sympathetic to Fascism, as one official put it, and therefore he had to go.

The book is a good record of this decline of Italy told with numerous personal experiences and anecdotes, with the background of the economic and social life as well as journalistic adventures well done.

GEORGE SELDES.

Stuart Chasing Rainbows

RICH LAND, POOR LAND, *by Stuart Chase. Whittlesey House,* $2.50.
WASTE, *by David Cushman Coyle. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.,* 50c.

CAPITALISTS in the United States have wasted natural resources on a vaster scale and at a faster rate than was done anywhere else. Both Stuart Chase and David Cushman Coyle take the waste and decline of our natural resources as their general theme and urge the need for conservation. Both of these authors were connected with the National Resources Board in Washington and are, therefore, familiar with the vast amount of research, especially data on soil resources, put out by the Board and other government agencies. Chase has drawn heavily on these government studies and has sought to popularize their findings. Coyle, on the other hand, limits himself to writing a short, generalized tract favoring conservation.

Stuart Chase insists that a program to protect and reconstruct our resources would solve unemployment. "There is no other solution for unemployment in a maturing economy." So daring does Mr. Chase regard this scheme that, to quote him again, it may cause "the old gentleman in the front row to swoon away." He is anxious, however, that his proposals not be taken as criticisms of the New Deal. Harry Hopkins is "one of the world's greatest administrators," and Chase assures the reader that, in large part, this startling program is "actually in operation." What Chase proposes is "a shift of emphasis from a temporary depression-lifting attack to a permanent continent-saving attack."

Chase frequently refers to "surplus factory workers" and "surplus farmers"; he goes so far as to say, "There may even be an actual surplus in terms of the capacity of the American stomach." No one denies that the factories and farms in the United States can provide a high standard of living for everyone, but this does not mean that the present restricted output achieves that level. Studies by the Production Planning Division of the A.A.A. showed that 335 million acres, 38 million more than were cultivated in 1935, would have to be put into production if the population were to live on a fully adequate diet. Instead we have had millions of acres plowed under. Chase prefers to assume that the output from farms and factories is already sufficient, or nearly sufficient, to support the population; by this happy assumption, he seeks to fend off a head-on collision with big business. He admits that industry, left to itself, will not reabsorb more than a small part of the unemployed, nor produce to capacity. His talk is about surpluses: his solution requires that the American people resign themselves for all time to mismanagement of their resources and low incomes resulting therefrom. In addition, they are expected to furnish a permanent army of "surplus" factory workers and farmers to patch up whatever resources have not been completely dissipated under the capitalist

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system. Chase does not mention that unemployment has been increasing from one crisis to the next; he ignores the progressive increase that would be necessary in this army, removed from production and devoted to conservation.

As for financing his program of public works, Chase maintains that, if the people really believe in conservation, paying for it will follow as a matter of course. He points almost indiscriminately to the Soviet Union and to Germany. In the U.S.S.R. "the people believed in the Five Year Plan" and carried it out despite the fact that, earlier, "Wall Street rocked with merriment." In Germany Hitler "proposed a vast program of rearmament" and carried it out after he had "for reasons too complicated to enlarge upon captured the enthusiasm and confidence of the German people." For the United States Chase recommends that financing be put through by a combination of greenbacks issued by the state and an income tax on savings. Chase sidesteps the question of how much inflation relatively to taxation would be used, but in practice the scheme would surely mean heavy inflation together with a mild dose of taxation. He offers no reason for not placing the burden squarely on high incomes and on corporate profits. He professes to believe that the plan would increase output, but the closest he comes to explaining how this is possible is to say, "By increasing living standards it will gradually unlock factory doors." But living standards are increased only if production is increased and if the product is distributed among the workers and farmers. In short, Chase's proof assumes what he should be proving, and can be regarded only as patent nonsense.

With drought, flood, and erosion taking a growing toll of our resources, the need for government action is clear. Chase's accounts of what the Administration is now doing are much too glowing; one is often moved to ask why he spends so much time arguing the need for action if the government is already doing so much. But as a matter of fact, the demonstration projects set up by the Soil Conservation Service to control erosion give aid to only two-tenths of one percent of the farmers; the others are expected to learn from these model projects and carry out their own, though by government admission, only a small number could afford it.

On flood control, Chase writes, "Congress, genuinely frightened by the floods of 1936, has just appropriated some 400 millions for control work, much of it reservoirs and dams." Acts were passed but not one penny has been appropriated. The maneuver was arranged to make the voters think that something was being done. Chase further concludes from these empty gestures, "It looks as if we were going to get cheap power whether we use it or not." But, as was pointed out on the floor of Congress, the army engineers who passed on the flood control projects had killed all except four small projects which might allow the production of power by public operation. And even if Congress had voted the money,

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This series of articles, which has aroused great interest, will continue throughout the fall. Essays to be published are: *H. L. Mencken* by Louis Kronenberger, *Sinclair Lewis* by JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, *Eugene O'Neill* by Lionel Trilling, *Ernest Hemingway* by John Peale Bishop, *Sherwood Anderson* by Robert Morss Lovett, and *Four Tendencies in American Literature* by Malcolm Cowley.

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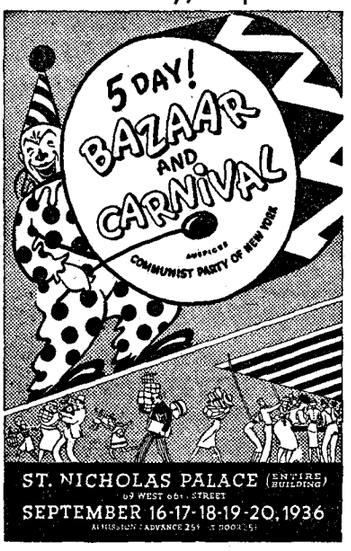

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these four projects were not likely to be built, since a joker in the legislation required that the local governments share the cost.

The basic views expressed by Coyle in his tract on *Waste* are almost identical with those of Chase. As in the case of Chase, his discussion bogs down completely on the question of how conservation is to be achieved. Instead of urging a Farmer-Labor Party which alone could be relied upon to carry it out, he repeats pious platitudes, such as, "We need honest and intelligent administration, as nearly free from politics as is possible," and "In order that administration may be honest, there must be an opportunity for effective public service that will attract honest men who love their country." A. ROGER PAXTON.

A Book to Remember

A TIME TO REMEMBER, *by Leane Zugsmith. Random House.* $2.

THE importance of Miss Zugsmith's *A Time to Remember,* which the Book Union has significantly selected for its September choice, extends beyond its pleasure for, and effect upon, the reader, into the domain of American literature itself.

In her other novels, and in most of her short stories, Miss Zugsmith has been concerned, almost exclusively, with the small but nonetheless valiant heroisms, and the almost fatalistic frustrations, of men and women of the lower middle class in cities. Her characters were usually unaware that there was either heroism or frustration in the pathetically small and inexplicably restricted arcs of life bounded by their birth and death. And Miss Zugsmith presented these humble tragedies and comedies with the kind of sympathy and pity that had an almost flagellant connotation.

It would be gauche for anyone, in the light of *A Time to Remember,* to consider her former work *only* as the product of the learning process in the artist. Miss Zugsmith never wrote anything that was not true in itself—and if it is said that what an artist writes must also be true in relation, one must not speak the dictum with the inflection of reproach to an author whose sincerity has always been on the side of life. Moreover, there was never anything static about her work. There was growth in her craftsmanship as well as in her understanding of her characters and the world that contained them. In fact, her knowledge of the craft became so sure that she frequently illumined a story, which was no more than an incident, with the universality that is the aim of all art. And now neither she nor her characters are mystified by the phenomena of incomplete, distorted, and unhappy lives. The reasons are now apparent to the author and to the men and women she creates.

It is just, however, to say that with *A Time to Remember* a genuine writer has come to maturity and to an indisputable place in

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American literature. This maturity is personal as well as professional, and it is for this reason that, from her, one is entitled to anticipate books of lasting value as well as books of contemporary interest. Certainly *A Time to Remember* has contemporary interest, and it seems to me impossible for anyone to be left unmoved by its humanity, its truth, and its accent upon the way through which men and women will be fulfilled.

A Time to Remember begins with an insight into the life of Doni Roberts. She is dark and prepossessing, in a passive way—a shy female animal, lost and lonely since her entrance into the adult world from an unhappy childhood, which she accepted with unquestioning incomprehension. It is plain that she awaits a man. But she has no man, and, what is more dangerous, she has no job. She is poised in that narrow margin within which so many mute men and women of good will are blotted out. Then, at the very end of her tether, and after months of search, she secures employment as a cashier in Diamond's department store.

At about the same time Aline Weinman is thrust from college by the discharge of her father, after thirty-five years on the road for a dress-goods house, into employment in the same store. She is alert to many of the things in the outside world to which Doni is oblivious. She has the capacity for indignation—over the treatment of her father, over the humiliating ruses whereby her mother bravely tries to snare a young man from the upper Jewish middle class, over the craven defeat which overtakes so many of the employees of the Diamond store.

Her indignation becomes channelized when she comes into contact with a union which some of the Diamond employees are attempting to create. One of the leaders is Matt Matthews, the son of an immigrant who had been beaten to death by the Pennsylvania State Police during a steel strike. His father's murder, which he had witnessed as a child of eleven, has engendered a subtle poison of fear and self-distrust. After what he had seen, could *he* dare to fight as his father had fought? He is not sure.

The problems of these three, and of subsidiary characters (who are portrayed with a definition equal to that depicting the main protagonists) are now revealed in a narrative of quickening tempo. The intricacies of department-store work are lucidly simplified, and the reader is soon aware that a crisis impends in the individual lives as well as in the collective life of the Diamond store employees—a crisis that can have only one possible result, a strike.

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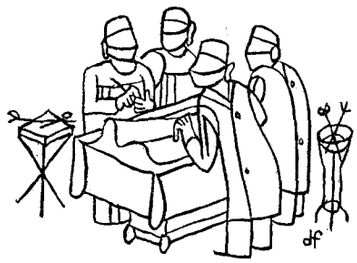

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motives and purposes with collective action is delineated with complete reality, it equals anything that has yet been achieved in American proletarian writing. Just how the personal problems of the main and subsidiary characters are affected by the strike is a large part of Miss Zugsmith's story, and of her art, and will not be divulged here. But the reader will perceive, what Doni, Aline, Matt, and the others discovered, that in winning the strike they won the victory over doubt, hesitation, and cowardice, and became free.

HENRY HART.

★

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(A listing of important new books not necessarily recommended.)

Benediction, by Claude Silve. Appleton-Century. $1.50. Prix Femina-Vie Heureuse prize novel.

The Pageant of Persia, by Henry Filmer. Bobbs-Merrill. $4. Travel and history.

The History of the British Empire Before the American Revolution, by Lawrence Henry Gibson. Caxton Printers. 3 vols. $15.

Denmark—The Coöperative Way, by Frederick C. Howe. Columbia University Press. Coward-McCann. $2.75.

History of Art Criticism, by Lionello Venturi. Dutton. $3.75.

Nursery School and Parent Education In Soviet Russia, by Vera Fediaevsky and Patty Smith Hall. Dutton. $2.50.

Coöp, A Novel of Living Together, by Upton Sinclair. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

Cradle of Life, by Louis Adamic. Harper. $2.50. Fiction.

Three Worlds, by Carl Van Doren. Harper. $3.00. Autobiography.

Beethoven, by J. W. N. Sullivan. (Reissue.) Knopf. $2. Biography.

A Long Way To Go, by Claude McKay. Lee Furman. $3.00. Autobiography.

Recently Recommended

The Rise of Liberalism, by Harold J. Laski. Harper. $3.

The People, Yes, by Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50. Poetry.

Travels in Two Democracies, by Edmund Wilson. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50. On the U.S.S.R. and U. S.

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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

"Der Kampf" and some home-grown products—The Modern Museum opens a show

DER KAMPF (The Struggle) was filmed in Russia, written, directed and acted by German exiles. Georgi Dimitrov and Henri Barbusse appear in it as themselves, Barbusse in a single sequence, Dimitrov in several. Documentary shots of the Reichstag trial and its attendant demonstrations are used throughout with splendid effect. Conceived as a sweeping arraignment of the Nazis, the picture is built around the Reichstag fire and the substantially similar burning of a camouflaged munitions factory in a small town near Berlin. In the constant shifting from the small-town people's story to generalized Nazi brutality the picture becomes uwieldy and, at times, confusing. The fact that in spite of this *Der Kampf* remains absorbing and vivid should be attributed to the essential credibility of most of its characters, fine acting, Dimitrov's electric presence, and many careful touches.

Possibly an exposition of the Nazis' hold on the German people was outside the scope of this movie, but even so, the almost exclusive emphasis on the storm troopers' brutality vitiates some of its effect. At the same time, we know that the brutality exists and that, in the case of the particular characters affected, it is certainly not exaggerated. Goebbels's current threat of more such brutality as well as Ernst Thaelmann's continued imprisonment add a tragic and intense timeliness to *Der Kampf*. Dimitrov is free and in the leadership of the Communist International, but the Mother Lemkes and Fritz Lemkes of this picture are still in Dresden and Nuremberg.

Mother Lemke might be said to derive from Gorky's *Mother;* actually, she derives from the thousands of working-class mothers who are taking reading lessons from their sons in Moscow, selling Scottsboro buttons in New York, cooking for the militia in the Guadarrama mountains, and doing all the things Mother Lemke does in *Der Kampf*. She is such a universal type it would have been almost forgivable had the characterization smacked of the banal, but in the hands of Lotte Loebinger it is endowed with great beauty and individuality. The same holds true in regard to Fritz Lemke, whose all-absorbing preoccupation with football gives way to revolutionary activity through a logical progression of events and reactions.

And it isn't that Lotte Loebinger is a better actress than Anna Sten, or Bruno Schmitsdorf superior to Spencer Tracy, say. And it isn't simply that Hollywood makes wax dolls of its actresses, and fashion plates or animated blackjacks of its actors. Every line that Fritz and Mother Lemke were given called for sincerity and conviction, for the best that either of them had, and in their case that best is very good.

For American audiences, particularly outside New York, *Der Kampf* will undoubtedly be quite a problem. Much of the picture is predicated on the assumption that the spectator is familiar with the personalities and significance of Dimitrov and Barbusse, with the role of Nazi industrial commissars, the split between Communists and Social Democrats, soccer, Marinus Van der Lubbe, camouflaged munitions factories. Probably most of the irony in Dimitrov's quoting Goethe at his accusers will be lost on the mythical "average man." But there is so much else, the fundamental progress of the film is so unmistakable and effective, that the inadequate distribution which awaits it seems criminal. As for New Yorkers, they can and should see it at the Cameo. It is incomparably the best show in town.

EDWARD NEWHOUSE.

THE time has come when it is necessary for Hollywood to disguise the gangster film as "social propaganda." Under the false guise of exposing the milk racket, *Sworn Enemy* (M.-G.-M.) is nothing more than the exposition of a feud between the underworld king, Joe Emerald (is it Legs Diamond?) played by Joseph Calleia, and Dr. Cattle (Lewis Stone). Like most of the films of the same type, it is physically exciting and as stimulating as second-rate pulp fiction.

Criboulette at the Cinema de Paris is a careful and enjoyable film version of the well known nineteenth century musical comedy.

Walking On Air (R.K.O.-Radio) is another musical with those two blonde ingenues, Ann Sothern and Gene Raymond. The story is old and it doesn't matter. But the production is so unpretentious and so well handled that it provided a pleasant surprise. It will be found on a double-feature bill at the R.K.O. and Skouras circuits.

Sing Baby Sing (20th Century-Fox) contains so many good comics, including Adolphe Menjou, Patsy Kelly, Gregory Ratoff, and Ted Healy, that it finally emerges as a better-than-average comedy with music. For the most part, the film is a cross-country chase, with an ex-chorus girl (Alice Faye) running after a movie actor with Shakespearean pretensions (Menjou). If your suspicious nature should lead you to suppose that this story is based on recent real-life events in the life of the handsome member of a famous acting family, who are we to contradict you? PETER ELLIS.

FINE ARTS

THE Museum of Modern Art in New York this week opened its first exhibition for the 1936-37 season, *New Horizons in American Art*. The exhibition will be on view through Monday, October 12. Outstanding work by artists all over the country on the Federal Art Project has been selected by the museum and includes not only paintings, sculpture, murals, graphic arts, and children's work, but also a large selection of work done by artists on the Index of American Design. The exhibition fills three and one-half floors of the Museum. Although selections have been made on the basis of quality alone, without regard to regional representation, all sections of the country are represented. Most of the exhibit are the work of artists unknown or little known to New York. This is the third exhibition of "government" art at the Museum.

Saturday, September 19, will see the close of the exhibition of the American Art Group at the Weyhe Gallery, New York. This showing of new etchings, woodcuts, lithographs includes many NEW MASSES contributors, and includes such artists as George Biddle, Jean Charlot, Nicolai Cikovsky, Carrubias, Adolf Dehn, Ernest Fiene, Wanda Gág, William Gropper, Rockwell Kent, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, J. J. Lankes, John Marin, Reginald Marsh, Rudolph Ruzicka, Raphael Soyer and many others.

The American Artists Group, whose first exhibition this is, was organized "specifically to take the snobbishness out of the art business; to make contemporary graphic work available in quantity and at prices within reach of persons of moderate means."

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Fred Astaire and Johnny Green's Orchestra. Two Jerome Kern tunes from *Swing Time* on Brunswick disks: "Pick Yourself Up" and "The Way You Look Tonight" (7717) and "I'm Gonna Dance" and "Bojangles of Harlem" (7718).

Fletcher Henderson and His Orchestra. Their recordings, "Shoe-Shine Boy" (with "Si

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Sing" on Victor 25375), "Knock Knock" (with "Until Today" on Victor 25373), and "Jimtown Blues" (with "You Can Depend on Me" on Victor 25379) are good, but not quite up to the older "Stealin' Apples" and "Grand Terrace Swing" (Vocalion 3213) and "Blue Lou" (with "Christopher Columbus" on Vocalion 3211).

CLASSICAL

Mozart. Huberman and the Vienna Philharmonic under Issay Dobrowen give a new rendition of the G major violin concerto (Columbia Masterworks Album 258).

Schubert. Schnabel and members of the Pro Arte String Quartet, assisted by Alfred Hobday on the string bass, play the "Trout" quintet. (Victor Masterpiece Album 312).

Beethoven. Egon Petri's American recording debut in the C minor sonata, Opus 3, proves a notable success, including the authentic reproduction of piano tone (Columbia Masterworks Album 263).

Brahms. The Pro Arte Quartet, plus Anthony Pini as second 'cello and Hobday playing the bass, in a distinguished performance of the rarely heard sextet for strings (Victor Masterpiece Album 296).

Bach. A sound interpretation of the Twelve Small Preludes, arranged for harpsichord, by that outstanding practitioner, Yella Pessl (Columbia 170634).

The Radio

FORTHCOMING BROADCASTS

James W. Ford, Communist vice-presidential candidate, 10:45 p. m., Monday, Sept. 21, N.B.C. red network.

Earl Browder, Norman Thomas, William J. Lemke, Aubrey Williams and others. Speaking from the Waldorf-Astoria in New York in one of a series of political "conferences" staged by the New York *Herald Tribune,* 10 to 11:15 a.m., Wednesday, Sept. 23, N.B.C. blue network.

tmaster-General Farley, Secretary of Agriculture Wallace, Herbert Hoover, John D. M. Hamilton, W. S. Hutcheson, Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins, and others. In another *Herald Tribune* conference, 3 to 5:30 p.m., Wednesday, Sept. 23, N.B.C. red and blue networks.

REGULAR FEATURES

(Times given are Eastern Daylight Saving, but all programs ed are on coast-to-coast hook-ups. Readers are asked to report once any anti-working-class bias expressed by any of these artists their sponsors.)

tle Symphony Orchestra, with Cameron conducting, Thursdays at 8 p.m., Columbia network.

olumbia Symphony Orchestra, Barlow conducting. Sundays at 3 p.m., Columbia network.

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red Astaire and Johnny Green's Orchestra. Tuesdays at 9.30 p.m., N.B.C. red network.

ndré Kostelanetz's Orchestra, Fridays at 10 p.m., Wednesdays at 9 p.m., Columbia network.

udy Vallée's Varieties. Thursdays at 8 p.m., N.B.C. red network.

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ul Whiteman's Orchestra. Sundays at 9.15 p.m., N.B.C. blue network.

Burns and Allen. Wednesdays at 8.30 p.m., Columbia network.

Willie and Eugene Howard. Wednesdays at 8.30 p.m., N.B.C. blue network

Stoopnagle and Budd. Wednesdays at 9 p.m., N.B.C. red network.

The March of Time. Monday through Friday evenings at 10:30, until Friday, Sept. 25; Columbia network.

The Theater

OPENING SCHEDULED

Reflected Glory (Morosco, N. Y.). A play by George Kelly, author of *Craig's Wife* and *The Show-Off,* with Tallulah Bankhead, planned to open Sept. 21.

THUMBS UP

Boy Meets Girl (Cort, N. Y.). Sam and Bella Spewack's pretty funny comedy of Hollywood.

Dead End (Belasco, N. Y.). Sometimes effective realism by Sidney Kingsley, set in New York's slums.

The Emperor's New Clothes (Adelphi, N. Y.). W.P.A. players in the delicious old folk tale.

Gilbert & Sullivan (Martin Beck, N. Y.). The Rupert D'Oyly Carte company in superlative production of the Savoy operettas. *The Yeomen of the Guard,* which will continue through Saturday, Sept. 19, will be followed by a week's run of *Iolanthe.*

Idiot's Delight (Shubert, N. Y.). Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne romping through Robert Sherwood's anti-war comedy.

Injunction Granted! (Biltmore, N. Y.). The Living Newspaper W.P.A. project in an episodic history of American labor struggles.

On Your Toes (Imperial, N. Y.). A couple of Rodgers and Hart songs and Ray Bolger's dancing make an enjoyable evening.

Tobacco Road (Forrest, N. Y.). Jack Kirkland's dramatization of Erskine Caldwell's story of the poor whites.

The Screen

WORTH SEEING

The General Died at Dawn. Clifford Odets's first screen play, with Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll.

Der Kampf. A new Amkino offering at the Cameo, N. Y., picturing Dimitrov's trial by the Nazis. Reviewed in this issue.

Swing Time. Dancing by Astaire and Rogers and comedy by Helen Broderick and Victor Moore save the day.

Romeo and Juliet. Enough Shakespeare to make worth while an otherwise stagy effort.

FAIR AND COOLER

The Last of the Mohicans. American history in a setting replete with nobility and war-whoops.

To Mary—with Love. Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter in a film showing how the boom and the depression shook a home.

The Gorgeous Hussy. Joan Crawford (with Robert Taylor, Lionel Barrymore, and others) renouncing love for Jacksonism.

Girls' Dormitory. Introducing a new star, Simone Simon, in a somewhat feeble echo of *Maedchen in Uniform.*

The Art Galleries

NEW YORK

Brooklyn Museum. Water colors and oils in a special showing of California artists. Also on show are book illustrations and other things from Persia, India, and Bali.

Municipal Art Committee. Exhibition of works of New York artists at the temporary gallery of the Committee, 62 West Fifty-third Street.

Winslow Homer, Childe Hassam, A. P. Ryder, George Innes, and other Americans. Babcock gallery, 38 East Fifty-seventh Street.

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